NAPSONIAN
1931

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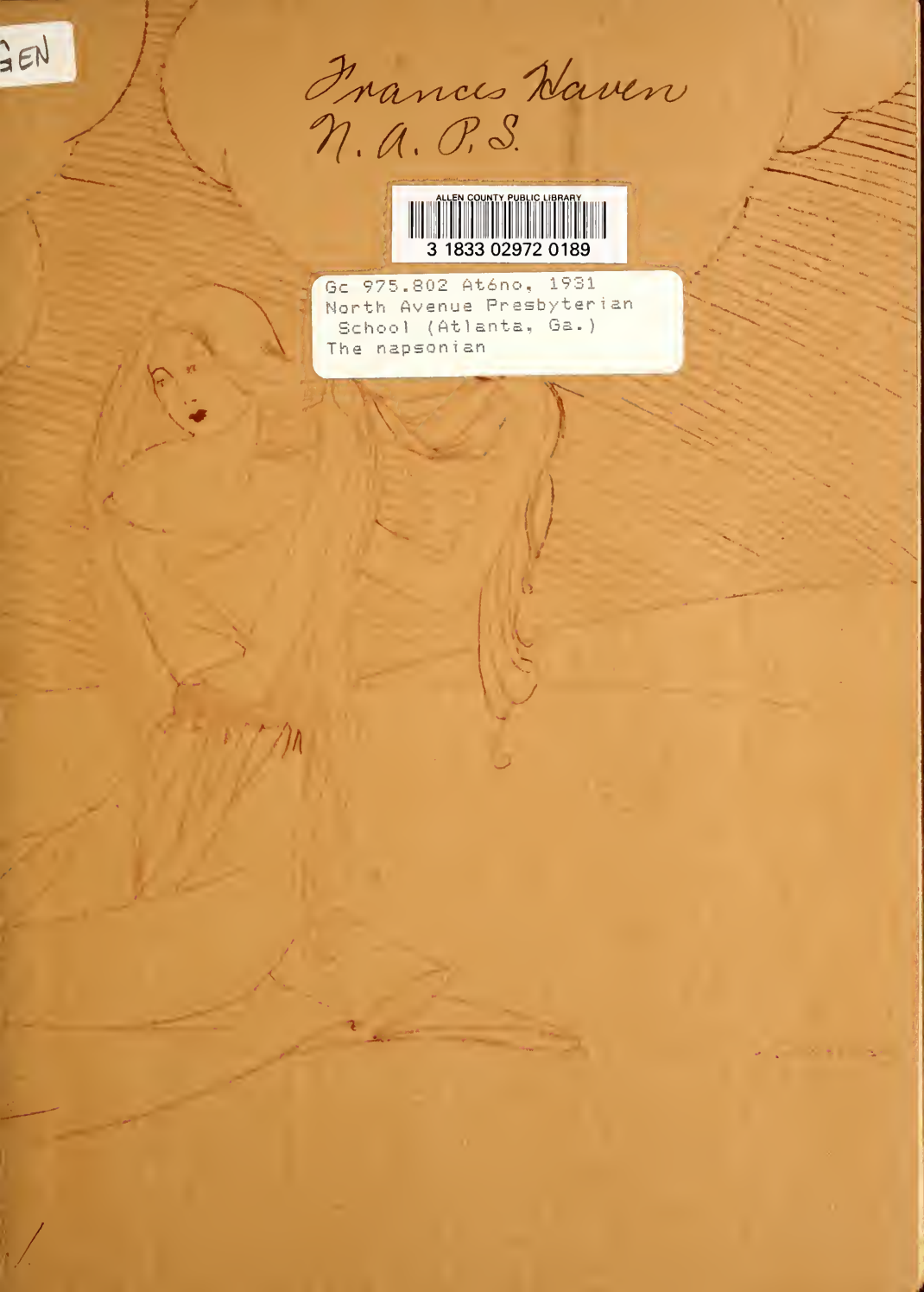

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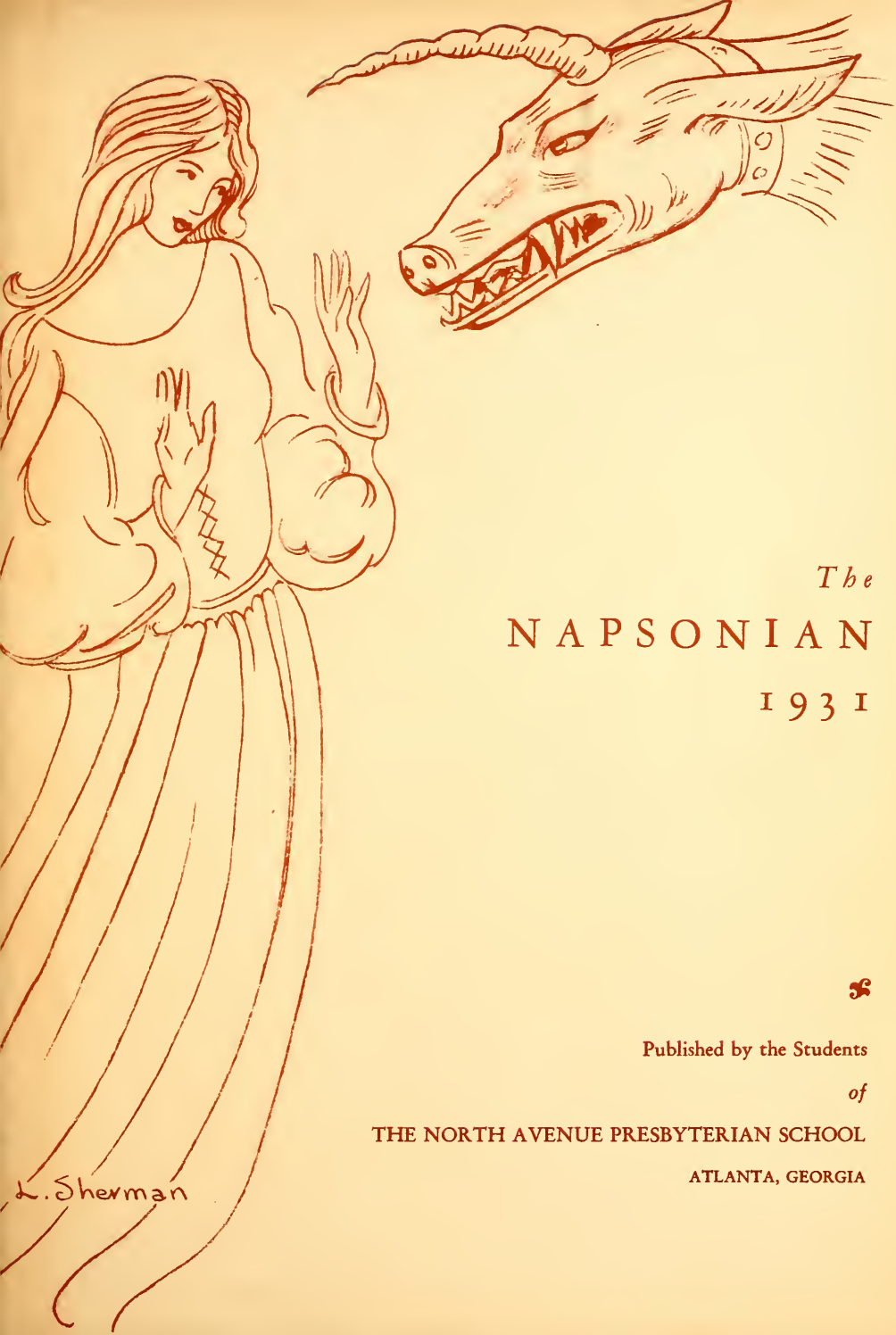


The

NAPSONIAN

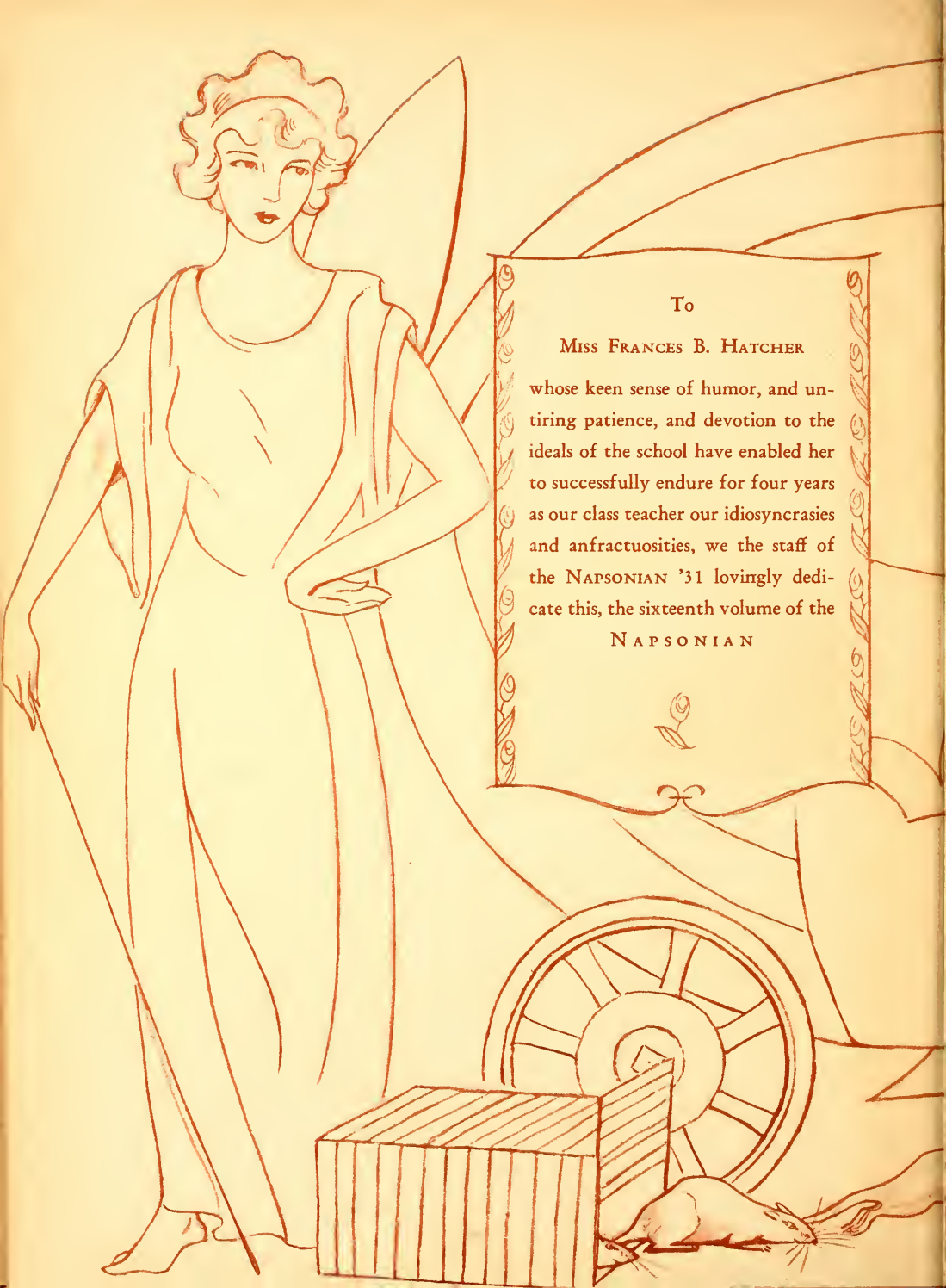
1931

Published by the Students

of

THE NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

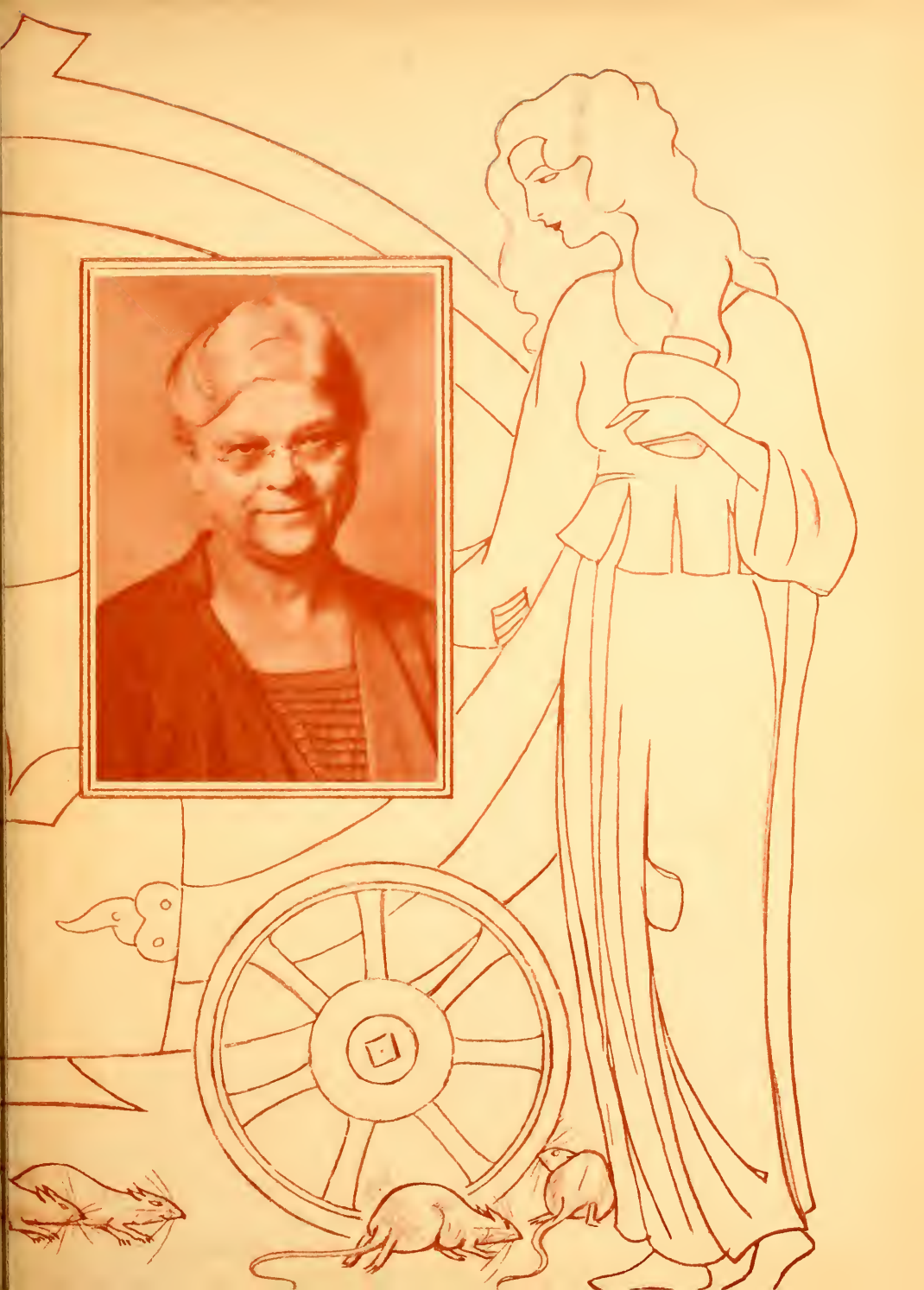


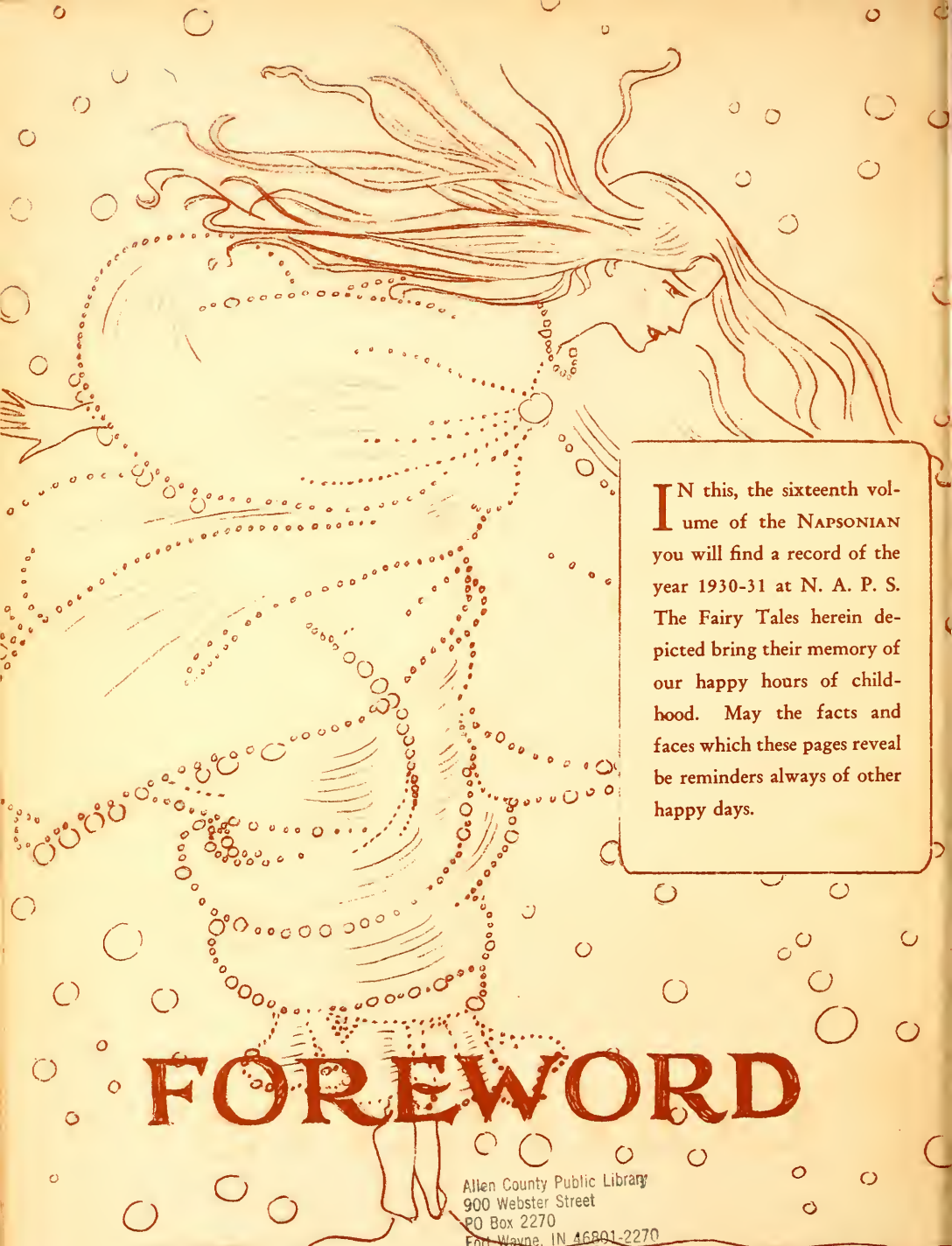
To

Miss Frances B. Hatcher

whose keen sense of humor, and untiring patience, and devotion to the ideals of the school have enabled her to successfully endure for four years as our class teacher our idiosyncrasies and anfractuosities, we the staff of the Napsonian '31 lovingly dedicate this, the sixteenth volume of the

Napsonian





IN this, the sixteenth volume of the NAPSONIAN you will find a record of the year 1930-31 at N. A. P. S. The Fairy Tales herein depicted bring their memory of our happy hours of childhood. May the facts and faces which these pages reveal be reminders always of other happy days.

FOREWORD

Allen County Public Library
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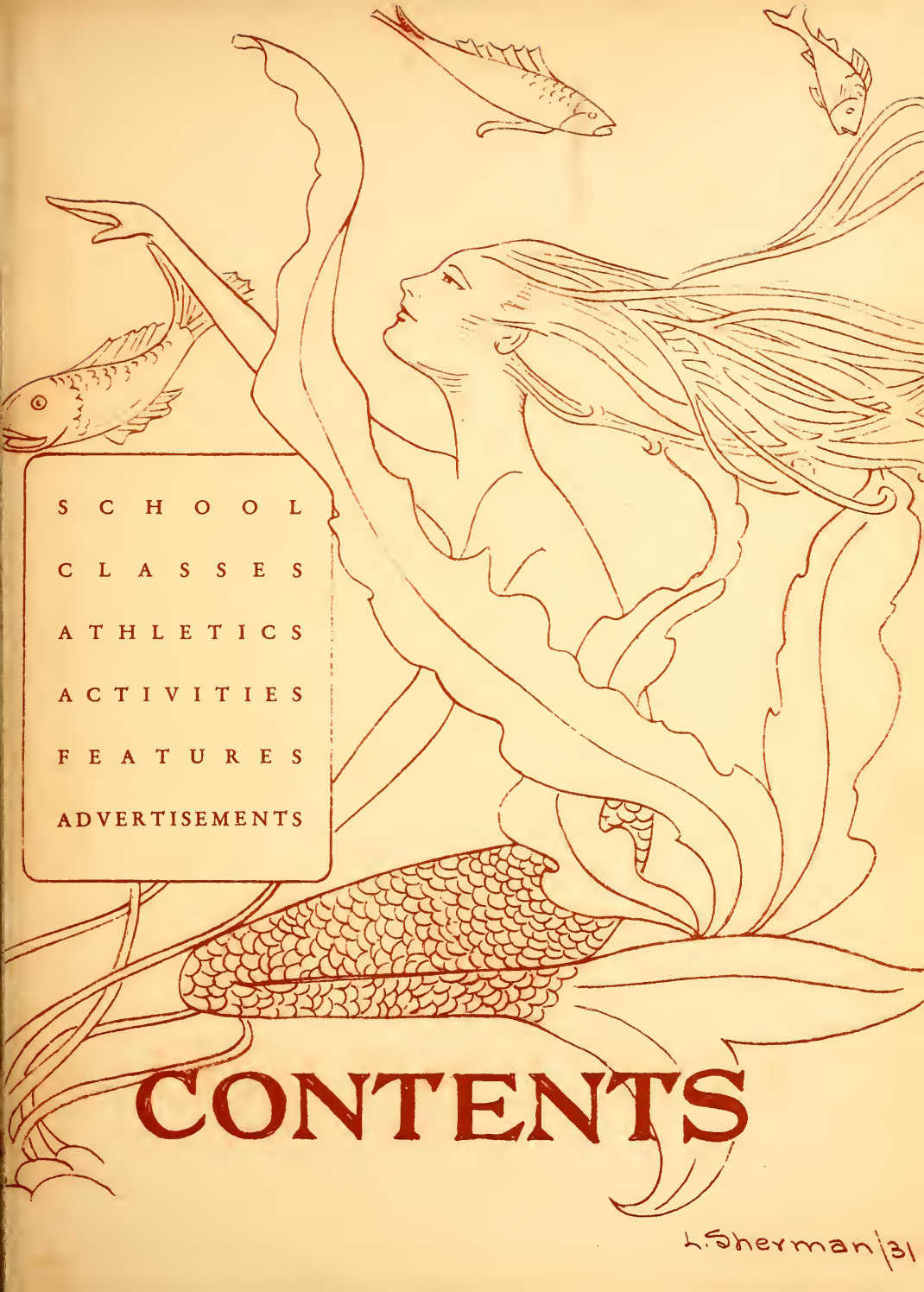
H. Sherman



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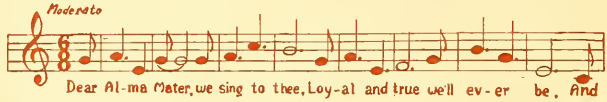
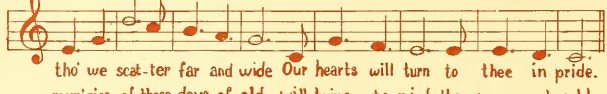
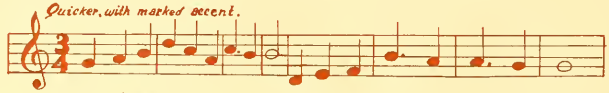
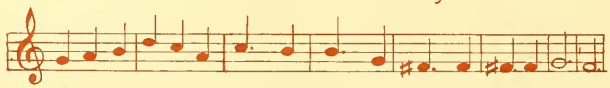
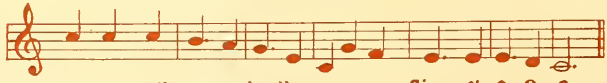
L. Sherman '31

Alma Mater

Words and Music by-
the Class of 1915

Arranged by-
Nancy Downing '28

Moderato
Dear Al-ma Mater, we sing to thee, Loy-al and true we'll ev-er be, And
In school, in life, thy name is dear, Where'er we are, our hearts are here, Sweet

tho' we scat-ter far and wide Our hearts will turn to thee in pride.
memories of those days of old will bring to mind the green and gold.

Chorus:



SCHOOL
L. Sherman

To N. A. P. S.

❖

Through all the years that I've been here
O Naps, I've ever held you dear
And though the years fly swiftly by,
My love for you can never die.

With thoughts of all that's firm and true
My mind will ever turn to you—
Of all that you have meant to me—
Emblem of true NOBILITY!

As symbol of ABILITY
You'll help us gain a victory.
By work well done we'll earn your praise
And then a song of thanks we'll raise.

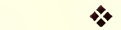
In PLAY and every sport and game
You'll surely earn renown and fame,
For you will always do your best—
In sportsmanship pass every test.

For SERVICE true of any kind
You'll stand with open heart and mind,
Ever ready for any task
That love and charity could ask.

In all that's highest you are true—
So shall the best be true to you.
In all this world there'll never be
Another school beloved as thee!

SARAH DOBBS, '32.

Places We Know



Study Hall

A haven for students, a rest from the broil,
A place to forget, relax, or to toil;
Girls trying to study, girls passing the news,
Girls eyeing the windows, seeming to muse.

Miss Askew's Office

A quiet little room—away from the rest—
Where students are summoned, the worst and the best,
To confer, to explain, to condone, or implore,
'Tis secret—what goes on behind that closed door.

The Orr Library

A cool spacious room surrounded with shelves,
With books of knowledge for the student who delves;
A bulletin board with pictures and news—
We hope, in the end, each book to peruse.

Thrower Hall

An imposing building, so solemn outside,
So much fun and pleasure and study to hide;
The sound of the bell calling each one to dine,
Is the sweetest of sounds for which each and all pine.

CAROLYN COLE, '31.

THYRZA S. ASKEW
PRINCIPAL
B.A., Cornell University

JOSEPHINE WALKER
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR
B.A., Agnes Scott College

ROSA F. WING
SECRETARY

MRS. E. H. PRIEST
BOOKKEEPER

Faculty

ALICE RIVERS
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
B.S., Winthrop College

MARY ELLIS
B.A., Agnes Scott College

FRANCES B. HATCHER
B.A., Radcliffe College
M.A., University of Missouri

MRS. SIDNEY KENNEDY
B.A., Georgia State College for Women

MRS. R. N. MOORE
Graduate LaGrange College

ETHEL PHARR
B.A., Bessie Tift College

MRS. W. W. PEEK
Graduate Georgia State College for Women

SARAH TATE
B.A., Agnes Scott College

ETHEL WARE
B.A., Agnes Scott College
M.A., Columbia University

1931

ELIZABETH MARSH
HEAD OF JUNIOR HIGH
B.A., Agnes Scott College

ELIZABETH ASKEW
B.A., Agnes Scott College

MRS. GEORGE CALHOUN
B.A., Mississippi State College for Women

LULA MCMICHAEL
University of Chicago

MRS. L. L. MCWATTY
Graduate Georgia State Teachers' College

EDNA RAINEY
Graduate Georgia Normal School

BESSIE C. SHARP
Graduate Georgia State Teachers' College

BERTA SMITH
B.A., Wesleyan College

MRS. E. C. VAUGHAN
Miss Allen's Atlanta Kindergarten Normal School

MRS. J. B. WING
Graduate Brenau College

MRS. JANE MATTINGLY
Head of Music Department

RUTH DABNEY SMITH
Piano Department

SPENCER MCGAUGHEY
Violin Department

MRS. L. D. MUNFORD
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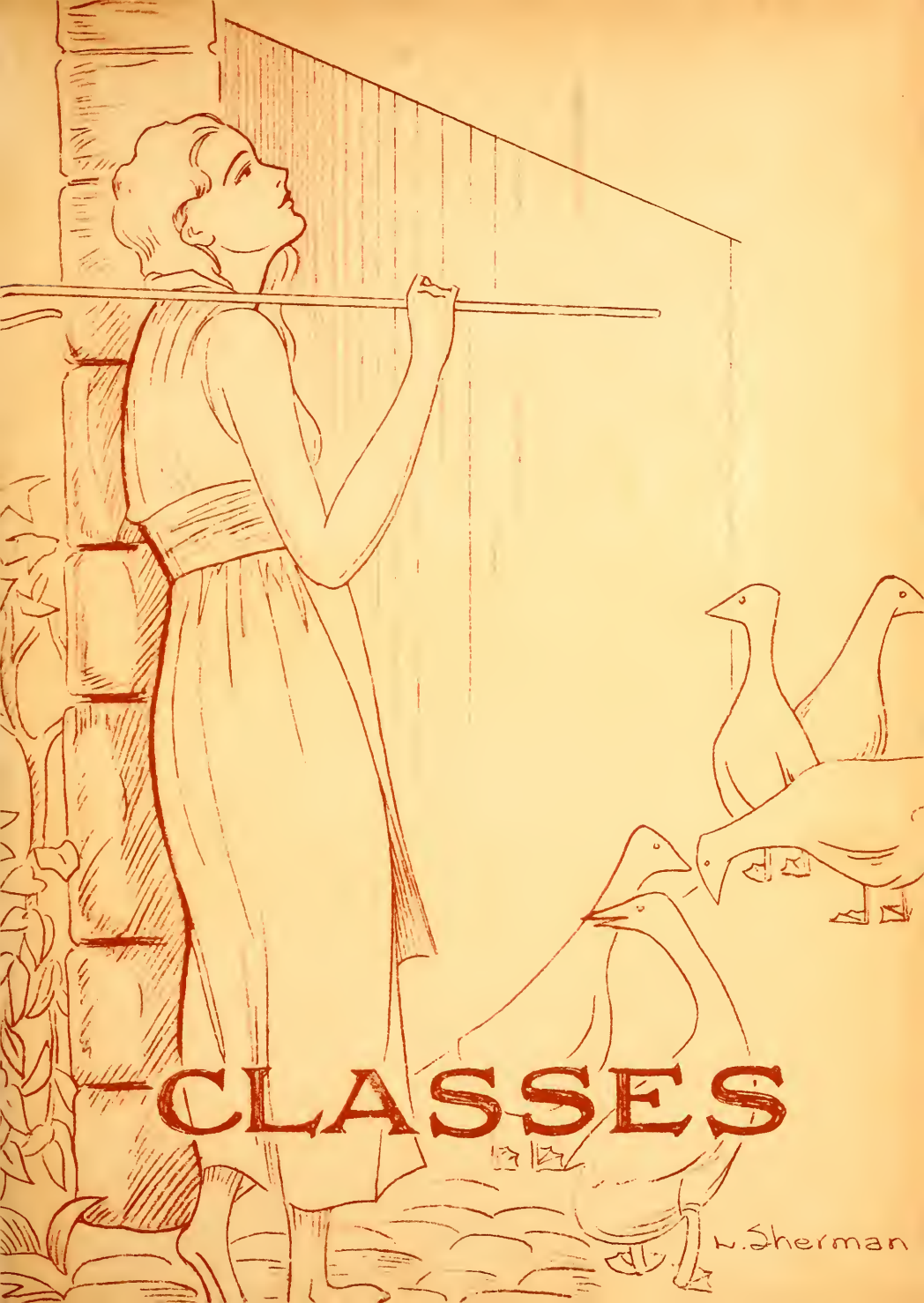

CLASSES
W. Sherman

Beacon Light

Light the lamp of learning without delay;
Let its brilliant ray shine like a star,
That we may clearer see to grope our way,
From ignorance to fields afar.

Eager, yet with timid step, the FRESHMEN work their way
Toward that light that beckons on with its alluring ray;
Each step brings them nearer the goal of their desire,
Always spurred by ambition's fire.

Proud, yet tossed upon a restless sea of fear, the SOPHOMORES sail,
Afraid they know too little, too much, and their craft too frail
To weather all the storms and hidden dangers 'neath the wave,
Ever seeking to be brave.

Dauntless, yet undismayed, the JUNIORS take their stand,
Arrayed in the armor of knowledge, lending a helping hand.
Shielded by success their war-cry echoes loud and clear,
"Onward, one more year!"

Serene, with dignity and grace, the SENIORS greet the world,
Victory is theirs to claim, their colors now unfurl.
Their praise we sing, their song well sung,
And yet, life is just begun.

St. John Barnwell, '33.

Necessity

❖

It's grand to be a FRESHMAN,
Even though we're knocked about,
And are victims of the SOPHOMORES
And wear dresses wrong side out.

For to us, it's our beginning;
To others, just Chapter One,
But the first of the book is needed
Before the volume's done.

We've proved a help in general,
For what would SOPHOMORES do,
If in school there were no FRESHMEN
To give the "bit" to chew?

If it were not for our class,
How could the teachers say,
"JUNIORS, don't be like FRESHMEN—
You're acting just their way."

And then again we're needed,
Perhaps, far more than you,
For without their little sisters
What would the JUNIORS do?

So you see, we come in handy
And our childish ways may pass,
For where'd Naps be in '34
Without a SENIOR CLASS?

ELISE FOSTER, '34.

Seniors

Class of 1931

COLORS:
Black and Gold

FLOWER:
Yellow Rose

MOTTO:
Esse Quam Videri

Officers

FIRST SEMESTER

PRESIDENT
Mary Hutchinson

VICE-PRESIDENT
Marion Fugitt

SECRETARY
Dorothea Blackshear

TREASURER
Mary Hurt

SECOND SEMESTER

PRESIDENT
Evelyn Fluker

VICE-PRESIDENT
Mary Hurt

SECRETARY
Dorothea Blackshear

TREASURER
Rebecca Young

Dora Aldred

Vivacious, care-free, heaps of fun, and always on the go. Her motto is "worry not"—a good one, if you succeed at it as well as Dora does. A bit quick tempered, but quite enthusiastic over Sigma Nu, graduation dresses, and "good" novels.

Elizabeth Alexander

A girl who is usually working, always willing and able to help those who go to her for assistance. She is quiet but possesses to the nth degree two qualities (aside from her many other virtues)—she is capable and absolutely dependable. Anybody who could do four years in three and make Pi Sigma Kappa too, shows her ability.

Dorothy Jean Alexander

She has curly gold hair and pleasant blue eyes and the loveliest complexion. She is reserved and quiet, but beneath is an artistic appreciation and a surprising and original sense of humor. She aspires to be an artist; if you have ever seen any of her work you will say, she has started well, that's sure.

Marjorie Bennett

Attractive—smart—popular!—a combination hard to beat! With her mischievous eyes and characteristic brunette gaiety, she fulfills the qualifications of an adorable girl. She reminds you of the little girl whose enchanted shoes would not let her stop dancing. And her smile—well—it paves the way for friendships and frat pins.

Dorothea Blackshear

Diligence, usefulness, and all-around good sportsmanship are qualities which Dottie has shown throughout her Naps career. She can master her studies (she's a Pi Sigma Kappa), go out for athletics (she's on the Varsity), or just plain carry on (note third period study) with equal ease.

Bright Bickerstaff

She has many of those best qualities. She is attractive in every way; she has an excellent mind; and those who know her best say of her, "She is as fine a girl as I ever knew." We just don't understand how she can be so calm with June right around the corner, but then she already has her Virgil written out in a notebook.

Lucille Turner Brown

If you should meet a sweet girl with curly brown hair and happy eyes, who has a gentle voice and a quiet bearing, it is Lucille Brown. She is enjoyed for her willingness, and loved for her happy disposition and her quiet charm.

Janet Campbell

Janet is one of those rare persons who, although she may not stand forth in the limelight, always can be depended on to do her best. Quiet and unassuming she fits securely into our life here.

Frances Carlin

Frances, who hails from the frozen north, is vivacious and lively. We have all realized her happy disposition since we have had the opportunity of being with her in Senior Hall where she often labors over her French that is due next period.

Jennie Champion

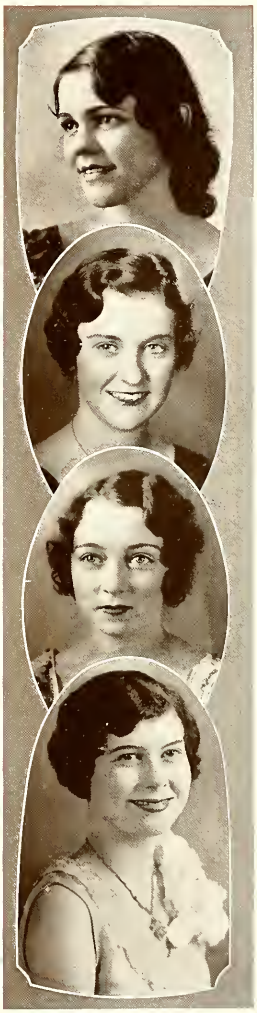
Popular? Well, I should say: ask the Boys' High boys. A remarkable combination of conscientiousness about her work and a love for "going places and doing things" keeps her busy. No one will soon forget that pleasing manner, or infectious smile, or those laughing eyes that must be magnets for all fraternity pins in their range.

Carolyn Cole

She has made a splendid scholastic record but is not by any means limited to that field alone. You should see her play basket-ball, and sell Senior Readers, and use her winning ways with Tech and Emory. You cannot spend a dull hour with Carolyn for she is always bubbling over with intriguing enthusiasm.

Harriett Coley

Harriett is a friend to everybody. She is very unselfish, and will do anything for you, no matter how hard. Her wit, spontaneous and original, enlivens her classes. She enters wholeheartedly into "playing the game."



Dorothy Davidson

Sweet, attractive, a good friend to everyone, that is Dot. She is not a blond, not a brunette, but a very delightful "in between." She is an interested worker in every class enterprise and has never failed each year to be the gypsy dancer of our operetta.

Jane Crenshaw

A charter member of the Red-Head Club, Jane can prove to you that her hair is truly red. Friendliness and frankness have won for her many friends. Added to these is a very attractive dignity and poise, flavored by a delightful humor, which twinkles in her eyes. You must look a long time before you find anyone more willing to help than Jane.

Mildred Davis

Who ever saw Mildred when she wasn't smiling? She is rather elusive for the application of matter of fact characteristics. She is even-tempered and reserved to a great degree, never seeming to be downcast and always willing when there is anything to be done.

Mildred Day

It is difficult to attach characteristics to her, so quiet is she. She is even tempered and seemingly reserved, yet even those who know her only casually cannot but find her interesting.

Dorothy Ewing

Always meticulously neat, always smiling, always capable, always willing to assume responsibilities, and always doing everything well. Her slow drawl and grace of manner give to her a most charming personality.

Lillian Fairlie

Lillian is one of our boarders and has been in the thick of our struggles for four years. Even though she seems quiet, she is full of youthful enthusiasm and when the class party rolls around and a "willing worker" is wanted—we go to Lillian!

Evelyn Fluker

Our Freshman year, Evelyn was that unusual girl, so gifted in dramatics and discussions. Next year, and the next, and so on she has been outstanding. She is unique and vastly interesting. She is clever and witty, a good mixer, a born leader and most capable. Individuality, originality—these the keys to Evelyn's personality.

Marion Fugitt

Marion is liked by everybody because of her friendliness, clean sportsmanship, and loyalty to her class, school, and friends. She does not belong to the ranks of our "frank friends," but she can be relied upon for an honest opinion. A fine girl, a marvelous friend, a gorgeous basket-ball player, a versatile worker, a true Napsite.

Irma Guthman

Irma is one of the girls who uphold our ideals of North Avenue. She is known to advertisers as an ad-getter of "pleasing persistence." Enjoyable as a companion, active as a worker and a Pi Sigma Kappa, she must surely succeed.

Eldredge Grove

Eldredge, although quiet around crowds, is, among her close friends, talkative and full of fun. She has outstanding scholastic ability along with a flare for dramatics (and Tech).

Louise Hancock

One of those girls who continually surprises one with the fact that they can really be as beautiful as a story-book princess, and yet as unassuming. Always immaculate, her hair waved and her nose powdered even for an eight o'clock Chemistry class—the belle of the ball always is the same lovely, lovable Louise.

Catherine Hartrampf

Lives there a body so bland
Who has not tried to find
Whose is the roadster so green
That leaves all others behind?
"Well—" drawls Kit and you get your face ready for a laugh—not so much at what she says but at the Kit inflection. And what would the Varsity do if Kit hadn't decided to major in athletics?

Elizabeth Hollis

"Doing the job well for its own sake," Elizabeth says as she achieves the top in whatever she has undertaken. She always excels in her studies; is eager, interesting, and lively; always unselfish and helpful to others. In truth, all in all, she is an ideal girl.

Anne Scott Harman

With one smile she captures friends, with a magnetic personality she holds them. She has everything she should have—poise, ability, cheerful disposition, and a sense of humor. The actual truth of the matter is that she is such a good all-round girl that it would take pages—and that can't be.

Carolyn Hogue

Carolyn is a girl who is needed in such small congenial groups as ours here. In her quiet and unobtrusive way she has found a definite place among us, and by her sympathy and thoughtfulness has made many friends.

Mary Hurt

To write up Mary—We can't do it. She's perfectly lovely, you know—gentle, charming, attractive. Who would think to find a demure old fashioned miss who has all the charm of those hoopskirt days, coupled with the mind and cleverness of a modern girl?

Elizabeth Jones

She is one of the happiest girls we know with a sincerity few possess. Her disposition is marvelous—proved by the fact that she can paddle back and forth between Senior Hall and the High School in snow, rain, and slush, and still smile sweetly.

Mary Hutchinson

She always has made us think of Russia and those awfully clever and well-dressed duchesses, with their sophisticated brunette charm. Capable, clever, original, she has been an outstanding member of our class since Junior High days. She has been on the Varsity for two years; and she became a Pi Sigma Kappa too. We don't know what Hutchie intends to do, but we know it will be something unusual and fine.

Nelle Kurtz

"Um tra la, she sho has got the pep." No matter whether it is before an examination or before a basket-ball game you can always hear "our" Nelle's laugh. She is friendly, has a pleasing personality, and a generous measure of ready wit. She has proved herself a true and loyal friend and Napsite.

Charlotte Myers

She can be either dignified or giddy as the occasion demands, but always she is distinctly Charlotte in whatever she does. Vivacious, she has a fine sense of humor and a keen spirit of fun. Her usual (?) reticence gives way to wild enthusiasm at the mere mention of such subjects as: Charlotte, N. C., internes, etc. etc.

Almeida Partee

Priceless jewels are often wrapped in small packages. Almeida is small in stature but large in the qualities which make her a true friend and an adorable girl. We are banking on Almeida to carry on as she has already done.

Heath Merrill

A little girl grown up, a merry laugh indicating a desire for fun tempered by a sense of adult responsibility; she has dignity, poise, and a quiet vivacity with which she has won our hearts. And had you noticed that she resembles Mary Bryan?

Katherine MacMillan

Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and able—this is the way North Avenue at large thinks about Katherine. The quickness of her wit and the ability of her mind interest everyone. When some task is turned over to Katherine by a harassed president she may be depended upon to bring home the bacon. And didn't we tell you we just couldn't wait until the Annual came out?

Virginia Persons

To look at Totsy, you would think she was just a cute little trick "all the boys fall for." You would never guess she could make modish little frocks with almost no material at all and so on. She has a saintly feminine charm, a fine mind, a gentle voice, grace, and a charming personality which have endeared her to us.

Betty Shaw

Betty is especially blessed as to eyes and eyelashes. Of course you have noticed them, for they are very destructive to one's peace of mind, as many can witness. All sparkling wit and gracious charm, she is an ideal companion.

Helen Russell

Helen is a very interesting girl. Although she's quiet and a bit retiring, she is very much liked. She is the kind of a friend everybody would like to have. She can always be depended on to do her part graciously. We aren't the only ones who seem to appreciate Helen's good qualities by any means.

Louise Sherman

Witty, clever, friendly, and talented—that's Louise. But she seems delightfully unaware of these good qualities. We expect to hear about her in distinguished art circles some day. And aren't the Annual drawings just great?

Sarah Simms

A slim suppleness, tall and straight; a quaint drollness; quiet, clever wit; dark, wavy hair and pleasant, brown eyes. Sarah is very entertaining; Senior Hall stops work to listen when she starts a story. She is entirely attractive and interesting.

Frances Snipes

Everybody in North Avenue from Miss Askew to the janitor's third assistant knows Frances—and is it a wonder? A girl with such talent could not possibly "hide it under a bushel." We hate to imagine what would have happened if the Class of '31 hadn't had Frances to "play" us through.

Lilyan Starr

She possesses an air of nonchalance which is really sophisticated—and charmingly so. Her personality is pleasing. She is friendly with a smile for everyone. We won't be the least bit shocked if Lilyan does something along the unusual.

Margaret Stokey

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings." But, why limit larks to Heaven only? Just look around —what is that ascending the steps from Chemistry Lab, its head raised in song? It is the lark of N. A. P. S., Margaret Stokey. Singing is not her only accomplishment—she has a habit of winning U. D. C. essay prizes.

KATHRYN WELLING

She is always amusing and ready to be amused. We see her flying down Ponce de Leon—her light curly hair blowing, the little red wheels of her car doing ninety miles an hour—gay and light-hearted—and a good sport.

SARAH WILKERSON

A very attractive brunette, rather quiet, liked by everyone. She has a lovely voice and is always ready to help in any possible way. Those who know her best most fully appreciate her fine qualities and even those who know her less intimately somehow sense them.

REBECCA YOUNG

Dramatic to her finger-tips! As president of the Cecilians she has shown evidences of a practical as well as an artistic mind. A most interesting and varied personality, she is—keen as an arguer (remember cornpone, etc.), capable as a student (one of those four in three, you know), and fine as a manager.

History of the Class of '31

❖

Herein you may read the history
of the Class of Thirty-one;
We've written our line—and closed the book—
for it is done.

We came to Naps to learn
of life, as Freshmen gay.
We soon learned to live
in the true Napsite way.

We came again as Sophomores
to spend another year;
We learned much more of life
and the worth of friendships dear.

When we were finally Juniors
we felt so grown and sage.
We were almost through our story,
we had only one more page.

We would have gained at last
the height of all our aim.
We would be Seniors—
well worth our coveted fame.

But, alas, our hearts are heavy
and our eyes are filled with tears.
The victory we have won seems
not so sweet as in former years.

We put away our pen—
with saddened thoughts perhaps.
For we are through—there's no more to write—
we are leaving Naps.

MARY HUTCHINSON, '31.

Class Will

❖

FULTON COUNTY, CITY OF ATLANTA, STATE OF GEORGIA.
To the Student Body of N. A. P. S.:

We, the Seniors of 1931, being of a sound mind and memory and having attained legal age, do hereby make our last Will and Testament:

Alas, from Naps we'll go away,
And at a far off college stay!
So, now our Will you here are told.
Observe it, all, both young and old.

ITEM I.

For the Seniors of Thirty-two
We leave Senior Hall and Perky's "Me-ow."
Here they'll find no peace nor quiet
And very bad food for a studious diet.

ITEM II.

To the same we give the rare perfume
Wafted from the Chemistry room.
May they enjoy the sweet chlorine
And the funny explosions we have seen.

ITEM III.

We leave the Sophs, most deserving,
Our great talent in tinfoil-preserving,
The wonderful way we do win
The paper-sales we enter in.

ITEM IV.

Our famous Opera Company wills
To the Frosh of '32, its trills.
May they now sing and die each year
And stab their friends without a tear.

ITEM V.

To Mrs. Moore we gladly will
The writhing snakes of old Virgil;
To her we leave the plots of Prose
In fact, all Latin and its woes.

ITEM VI.

To patient Miss Hatcher we leave the hope
Of the Math students that never mope
Over the wiles of Algebra
But delight in every formula.

ITEM VII.

Last we bequeath to Miss Askew
The love that is so justly due.
To her we give our grateful thanks
For living through our childish pranks.

ITEM VIII.

And last, to dear old NAPS, we give
A love that will last where'er we live.
May this love burn bright, never grow old,
With memories of our Green and Gold.

We, the undersigned, with the Faculty as witnesses, have executed our seal and signature on this the 2d day of June, 1931.

THE CLASS OF '31.

By: MARGARET STOKEY.

Excerpts From the Diary of a Prophetess

❖

SEPTEMBER 1, 1941

I ARRIVED in Paris today, and like all tourists, I am delighted with the city. I spent today "bumming" around town, and writing letters to my friends at home.

I visited the Louvre and spent several hours among the pictures, but of course it was impossible to see all I wanted to there. Hope to return again soon.

I went to opera tonight and heard "La Tosca." Am hoping to see some of my friends here whom I have not seen since Naps' days.

SEPTEMBER 5TH

Today I went to a fashionable modiste shop just opened yesterday, which has taken Paris by storm. Imagine my surprise on finding out that the "Marie" and "Suzette" of the shop were none other than Dorothy Ewing and Lilyan Starr. However, I was not so surprised, for they always had such darling clothes when I knew them at Naps. They told me about the great success Louise Hancock and Betty Shaw have had in their Interior Decorating Shop, which is the most exclusive in Paris. They invited me to go tonight to see Marjorie Bennett and Dot Davidson who are dancing at the "Folies Bergere," but I had already promised to go to a concert given by Margaret Stokey, assisted by Elizabeth Hollis, pianist, and Mildred Davis, violinist. The concert was lovely, and I was overjoyed to see Jennie Champion in a nearby box. She told me of her marriage to a Russian Prince. Her jewels were magnificent, and she had a representative from Marion Fugitt's Detective Agency to accompany her always, for protection.

After the concert we went to a new night club that had been opened by a popular Parisian entertainer "Yvonne," but "believe it or not," Diary Dear, it was none other than Jane Crenshaw. After she sang "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight," a song she has made famous, she came to our table for a little chat. She told me of the wonderful progress Louise Sherman has made in art, and said that Louise was having an exhibition the next day, with the famous sculptor, Kathryn Welling.

SEPTEMBER 10TH

Other triumphs are to be added to the long list for Naps! Mary Hutchinson's latest play opened last night with Charlotte Myers and Evelyn Fluker in the cast, and as Almeida Partee wrote in her daily newspaper column, "It is the most astounding success to be seen in Paris for many years." I went to the play last night and was thrilled to see Helen Russell, who has just married a successful young contractor. They are spending their honeymoon in Europe. I waved frantically to her, and between acts she and her husband came to see me. She told me about the great success Kit Hartrampf has had as a doctor, and said that Kit has opened an office in New York, with Katherine MacMillan, who is also a doctor of great fame and popularity.

After the play we went to a cabaret and at the next table from us we saw Janet Campbell, Mildred Day, and Lillian Fairlie who are traveling in Europe to gather material for their latest book, "See America First—and Why." We had a pleasant talk with them and I found out that they had come over on one of the boats owned by Harriet Coley's new steamship company, and that Lucille Brown added much to their pleasure on the voyage. She was the charming hostess on the boat.

SEPTEMBER 17TH

The papers from home arrived today. I spent two pleasant hours reading American news. I was happy to see that Heath Merrill, Carolyn Hogue, Nelle Kurtz, and Sarah Wilkerson made their radio debut last week with great success. Their last number was Bright Bickerstaff's latest hit, and won great acclaim from the critics. The papers had great headlines on the front page which interested me greatly. They announced that Mary Hurt, the talented American pianist, had won the "Prix de Rome," thereby gaining the distinction of being the youngest American girl ever to have won it. In my mail was a circular from Scribner's Publishing House announcing Dorothy Jean Alexander's latest novel, which is said to be surpassing her last "Best Seller." I also received news that Elizabeth Alexander had won a medal for Junior Red Cross Service, donated by the philanthropist, Rebecca Young, and would go to New York to receive the medal from Miss Young in person. The brilliant exploits of the class of '31 are not lacking at home, I see.

NOVEMBER 1ST

I have at last settled in London, and am quite happy here despite my regrets over leaving Paris. I went sight-seeing today, and while in Trafalgar Square I met Sarah Simms, dressed in the smartest of clothes. She told me that she had married the Earl of Buckingham several months ago, and would be presented to the Court of St. James that evening. We had lunch at a dear English tea room and had a grand time there.

This afternoon I went to the "speaking cinema" to see a good old American moving picture. It was very enjoyable, and the leading lady, Mara Chew, was especially good. She was so very familiar that I puzzled all the evening trying to decide whom she reminded me of. A few minutes ago while looking in a magazine I found that Mara was none other than Dora Aldred, who had recently been starred in motion pictures, and who has been making great progress in ingenue roles.

NOVEMBER 25TH

Today I read such an interesting article on advertising by Irma Guthman in the London *Gazette*. In the editor's note I learned that Irma is the business manager of the largest newspaper in America. She has certainly used her Naps' training well.

This afternoon I went shopping and met Virginia Persons. She is looking as charming as ever, and told me news concerning other Naps girls. It seems that she and Carolyn Cole are the proud chatelaines of a chateau at Sovigny, France, and are in London visiting Eldredge Grove. Eldredge is the manager of a very popular shop in London which is patronized by Oxford students. Anne Scott Harman, who is head of the History Department at Agnes Scott College is going to visit them next year, and they are planning a joyful reunion.

JANUARY 1ST

I received a letter from the States today telling me of the Beauty Salon that has been opened on Fifth Avenue by Elizabeth Jones and Frances Carlin. They number the elite of New York as their patronesses.

The same letter brought news of the remarkable progress and achievement of Dorothea Blackshear, who is the foremost American architect today.

My stay in Europe will soon be over, and I'll return to America. Am so anxious to see my friends and talk over old times; but I hate to leave this lovely country. Isn't it strange, Diary Dear, how peculiar fate has been? All the predictions and prophecies that were made in '31 seem to have been fulfilled, even beyond the greatest expectations. However, I'm not surprised, for I always predicted great things for the girls of the Class of '31, didn't I, Diary Dear?

FRANCES SNIPES, '31.

Senior Songs

❖

First Place, Sing Song 1931

Shamrock, we're all behind you,
  Wave high the Green and Gold;
For there is nothing half so glorious,
As to see our school victorious.
We've got the team, girls,
We've got the steam, girls,
  So keep on fighting, don't give in!
  S—H—A—M—R—O—C—K
  Shamrock—will win!

A Bunch, '31

❖

Fight, fight, fight, for North Avenue,
  Win this victory,
Get that ball, we're bettin' on you all.
Best East or West we know you'll all do your best;
So on, on, on, girls, fight to the end!
  Glory and honor you must win!
So fight, fight, fight, for North Avenue,
And victory!!

E. H., '31

❖

O NAPS, thy name we love,
  It's you we'll ere think of,
O NAPS, the school we love so dear.
  And time with all its fame
  Will ne'er erase the name
Of NAPS, the school we love so dear.
  There's no school just like it in all of the land,
  And for all its teachings we'll ere try to stand.
Our hearts will ever hold
  The love of Green and Gold
For NAPS, the school we love so dear.

O NAPS, thy name we love,
  It's you we'll ere think of,
O NAPS, the school we love so dear,
  And no matter what we do
  Our hearts will turn to you,
To NAPS, the school we love so dear,
  There's no school just like it in all of the land,
  And for all its teachings we'll ere try to stand.
So here's to memories
  Of days that used to be
At NAPS, the school we love so dear.

Words and Music
by
Frances Snipes, '31

Juniors

Class of 1932

COLORS: *Green and White* FLOWER: *Red Rose*

MOTTO: *"Never Say Die"*

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
SARAH DOBBS	*President*	SARAH DOBBS
EMILY WINSHIP	*Vice-President*	LUCILLE LOGAN
MARY PATTON	*Secretary*	ELOISE HOPKINS
DELPHINE JONES	*Treasurer*	MURIEL PIERCE

Class of 1932

Katherine Betty
Helen Brown
Marion Bryson
Elizabeth Bridges
Louise Chaffee
Margaret Cheshire
Sarah Craig
Sarah Dobbs
Virginia Gaines
Mary Havens
Jean Hicks
Eloise Hopkins
Delphine Jones
Ori Sue Jones
Lucille Logan
Anita Murphy
Margaret McMillen
Louise Neel
Sarah Nichols
Nancy Orme
Marion Overshiner
Mary Patton
Kathryn Peacock
Lamar Peschau
Muriel Pierce
Julia Ragin
Mary Ragin
Adeline Rountree
Mary Snow
Juanita Tate
Mildred Williamson
Emily Winship
Frances Wootten

Junior Songs

❖

North Avenue, we love you,
Think there's none above you,
And we'll love you evermore.
We'll forget you never,
You're the one we're ever for.
Ever! Ever! We will sing your praise;
Never! Never! Cease our songs to raise.
North Avenue, we love you,
Think there's none above you,
And we'll love you evermore.

S. D., '32

❖

Come on, you Napsites—let's win this game;
Come on you boosters—let's shout for fame;
Other teams better watch out,
When our Varsity starts to fight,
Napsites, we'll win this game.

S. D., '32

❖

The Varsity's out upon the field;
The referee blows the whistle;
Our forwards make a pass and then—
Pop—goes a goal!
We keep this up all through the game,
We never stop or falter;
We'll make our name—give Naps some fame;
Whoops—We've won a victory!

M. McM., '32

❖

We're pulling for you, Shamrock Team,
We're yelling to you, Shamrock Team;
We know you will win.
And you always will send,
Happy mem'ries to Naps—Shamrock Team.
We're loyal to you, Shamrock Team;
We'll ever be true, Shamrock Team;
We're counting on you,
For we know you'll come thru,
So here's luck to you—Shamrock Team!

A. R., '32
O. J., '32

Sophomores

Class of 1933

COLORS: *Blue and Gold* FLOWER: *Chrysanthemum*

MOTTO:

"It ain't the individual
Or the army as a whole
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every blooming soul."

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
ST. JOHN BARNWELL	*President*	FRANCES HAVEN
ELOISA ALEXANDER	*Vice-President*	FRANCES SCHWAB
MARY MALONE	*Secretary*	MARGARET LEE COLBERT
CATHERINE CARSON	*Treasurer*	PICKETT HYNES

Class of 1933

Eloisa Alexander
Marion Baughn
St. John Barnwell
Nancy Bost
Virginia Bradshaw
Louise Brown
Catherine Carson
Mary Carter
Margaret Lee Colbert
Frances Crawford
Thyrza Ellis
Adelina Hall
Francis Havens
Pickett Hynes
Audrey Jacoby
Katherine Jones
Mary Kneale
Eugenia Knight
Myrth McCracken
Mary Malone
Mary Claire May
Frankie Marbury
Mary Cary Maynard
Elizabeth Morgan
Beverly Peeples
Hilen Pitman
Theresa Pope
Lucy Rauschenberg
Martha Rogers
Frances Schwab
Aileen Seymour
Celeste Smith
Kathleen Smith
Miriam Thomas
Peggy Ulrich
Callender Weltner
Harriet Wiseberg
Rose Mary Zoll

Sophomore Songs

Second Place. Sing Song 1931

Onward we're marching, marching along for dear old NAPS,
Up then and cheer girls, hearty and strong for dear old NAPS.
For her the honor, for us the work
Ever shall be.
Up then and forward, never we'll shirk,
Marching on to victory!

ST. J. B., '33.

Here's to the Green and Gold waving forever;
Flag of North Avenue and may it droop never—
Sing a song for our flag today,
Cheer for the team to play,
As on to the goal we fight our way,
For dear old NAPS.

M. C. M., '33.
L. B., '33.

North Avenue we sing to thee,
Loyal and true we'll ever be;
We are singing for your fame,
To glorify and praise your name;
Green and Gold our colors true,
North Avenue we sing to you.

E. A., '33.
P. U., '33.

Freshmen

Class of 1934

COLORS: *Purple and Gold* FLOWER: *Daffodil*

MOTTO: *Possumus quia posse videmur*

First Semester		*Second Semester*
ELIZABETH BLACKSHEAR	*President*	BARBARA SELMAN
CHARLOTTE GRANBERRY	*Vice-President*	JEANNE WOODS
ELISE FOSTER	*Secretary*	ANNA BELLE WATSON
GLADYS LANTZ	*Treasurer*	MARY JOYCE PAPY

Winners of Freshman-Sophomore Stunt, 1930

Mistresses of Napsella (Naps' Silver Elephant)

Class Roll

Elnora Barnes
Polly Barnwell
Elizabeth Blackshear
Mary Blanchard
Frances Carmichael
Elise Foster
Betty Fugitt
Charlotte Granberry
Sarah Greene
Helen Hoffman
Rosa Howard
Marjorie Jameson
Margaret Jones
Dorothy Johnson
Gladys Lantz
Angel Latham
Harriet Moore
Mary Joyce Papy
Jean Porter
Anne Rucker
Marie Sheram
Ruth Scruggs
Barbara Selman
Chrysanthy Tuntas
Betty Weithington
Anna Belle Watson
Jeanne Woods
Frances Young

Freshman Songs

On North Avenue, on North Avenue,
Come on, win another game;
Play the circles 'round the other team
And keep your spirits ere the same.
On team, on team! You'll come out on top;
Once you start you'll never, never stop.
On North Avenue, on North Avenue,
Come on win another game.

E. B., '34

Our school life here brings us mem'ries dear.
Of happiness and glee;
Each day slips by like a butterfly,
To be called days that used to be.
But when we're through, Naps, we'll think of you,
And all for us you've done.
But today's today, let us laugh and play,
Hide the shadows behind the sun.

E. F., '34

We're betting, we're cheering that you're going to win this game,
So come on, Naps Varsity, and win for us more fame.
We're rooting, we're yearning, for another marvelous goal;
So come on, Naps Varsity, and give us all you hold.
Go get that ball and hold it to the floor,
Play toward that basket as you've done before.
We're betting, we're cheering that you're going to win this game.
So come on, Naps Varsity, and live up to your name.

C. G., '34

Come on, Naps Team, come on, Naps Team,
Play this game ere the same;
You've got the spirit, come on use it.
Fight! Fight! Fight!
And win tonight.

E. B., '34

ATHLETICS

L. Sherman

Sing-Songs at Naps

Where the river of School Spirit flows
Down to the sea of Song it goes.
Then each class enters in to compete
With original songs, loud and sweet,
In love for dear old Naps.

Thus the beloved Sing-Song Sea
Is brim full of song and glee,
And the tunes and words that take
Are the ones that most awake
Love for dear old Naps!

Favorite Songs—1930-31

LEAD ON TO VICTORY

Lead on to victory,
Bring down the foe,
Fight for North Avenue
You will win we know, we know.
Our colors wave o'erhead,
You'll bring us through
Roll up the score
and
then
A cheer, a cheer, our Varsity,
for
you.

SING-SONG, 1930

FIGHT SONG

Fight, fight, fight for North Avenue
Win this victory.
Get that ball, we're betting on you all.
Best East or West, we know you'll all do your best
So on, on, on girls, fight to the end.
Glory and honor you must win.
So fight, fight, fight for North Avenue
And Victory.

SING-SONG, 1931

The Shamrocks

To you members of our Varsity, we tender our real thanks.
You represent the very best that's in our goodly ranks.
You've played the game for good old Naps and always been aware
That victory's but a hollow word if the game's not on the square.

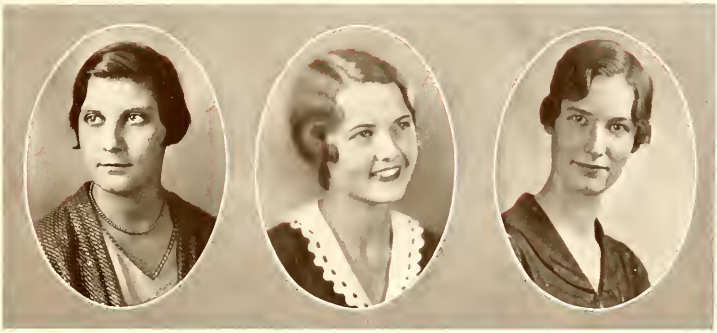
Each member of the team's worked hard, has followed every rule
And represented on the court the ideals of our school.
Our "rooters" have been loyal, both in victory and defeat,
For our Varsity's always thrilled us and each game has been a treat.

And now a word about our coach; too much cannot be said
About Miss Walker's helpfulness and how wisely she has led.
The players all in after years, and loyal rooters, too,
Will point with pride to her good work at old North Avenue.

CHARLOTTE MYERS, '31.

GAMES

Sacred Heart	9	Naps	16
Elberton	10	Naps	26
Jonesboro	17	Naps	46
Monroe	37	Naps	17
Fulton High	12	Naps	33
Athens High	26	Naps	22
Anniston	35	Naps	27
Rome	21	Naps	36
Washington Seminary	18	Naps	13



Athletic Association

COLORS: *Green and Gold* FLOWER: *Shamrock*

OFFICERS

ANNE SCOTT HARMAN . . . . . *President*
LOUISE BROWN . . . . . *Secretary*
JOSEPHINE WALKER . . . . . *Coach*

CHEER LEADERS

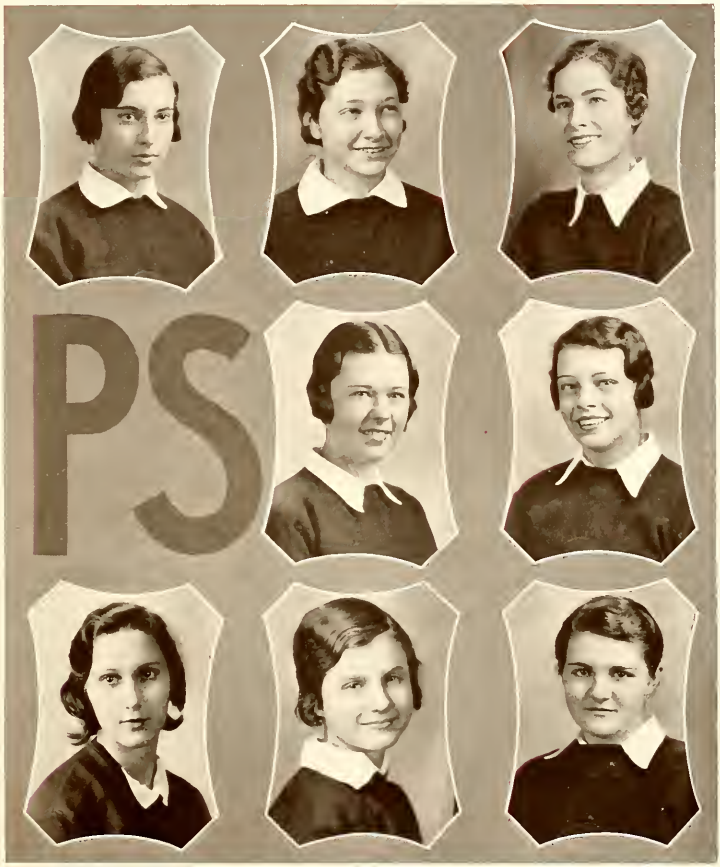
NELLE KURTZ . . . . . *Head Cheer Leader*
PEGGY ULRICH . . . . . *Assistant*
LUCY RAUSCHENBERG . . . . . *Assistant*

Varsity 1931

MARION FUGITT, *Captain* MARY HUTCHINSON, *Alt. Captain* CATHERINE HARTRAMPF

ANNE SCOTT HARMAN CAROLYN COLE

DOROTHEA BLACKSHEAR LOUISE SHERMAN DELPHINE JONES



Varsity 1931

Mary Kneale	Theresa Pope	Louise Brown
Katherine Jones		Betty Fugitt
Frances Schwab	Elizabeth Blackshear	Mary Havens

Senior Team

BASKET-BALL CHAMPIONS 1930-31

Forwards

MARION FUGITT — LOUISE HANCOCK

ANNE SCOTT HARMAN

Centers

DOROTHEA BLACKSHEAR — MARY HUTCHINSON

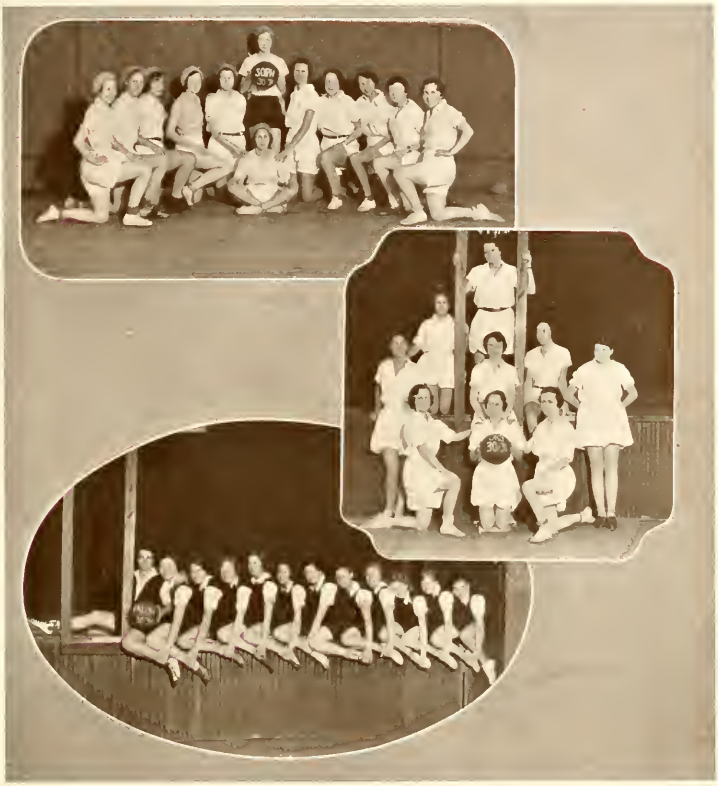
LOUISE SHERMAN — CAROLYN COLE

CHARLOTTE MYERS — BRIGHT BICKERSTAFF

Guards

CATHERINE HARTRAMPF, *Captain* — EVELYN FLUKER

BETTY SHAW



Class Basket-Ball Teams

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR
	Forwards	
Elizabeth Blackshear Betty Fugitt, *Captain* Ruth Scruggs Anna Belle Watson	Thresa Pope, *Captain* Frances Schwab Rose Mary Zoll	Ori Sue Jones Mary Snow Emily Winship
	Centers	
Charlotte Granberry Helen Hoffmann Jean Porter Anne Rucker	Eloisa Alexander Louise Brown Thyrza Ellis Mary Cary Maynard	Virginia Gaines Jean Hicks Delphine Jones, *Captain* Mildred Williamson
	Guards	
Polly Barnwell Marjorie Jameson Gladys Lantz Jeanne Woods	Mary Malone Mary Kneale Lucy Rauschenberg Beverly Peeples Helen Pitman	Mary Havens Sarah Nichols Adeline Rountree

Class Swimming Teams

SOPHOMORE TEAM, CHAMPIONS 1930-31

Frances Crawford
Thyrza Ellis
Mary Kneale
Eugenia Knight
Mary Cary Maynard
Frances Schwab
Katherine Jones, *Captain*

FRESHMAN

Polly Barnwell
Mary Blanchard
Helen Hoffmann
Gladys Lantz
Harriett Moore
Jean Porter
Jeanne Woods
Betty Fugitt, *Captain*

JUNIOR

Sarah Dobbs
Virginia Gaines
Marion Overshiner
Mary Patton
Mary Snow
Mildred Williamson
Emily Winship, *Captain*

SENIOR

Marion Fugitt
Anne Scott Harman
Catherine Hartrampf
Irma Guthman
Heath Merrill
Louise Sherman, *Captain*

ACTIVITIES

Student Body

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Mary Hurt	*President*	Lucille Logan
Margaret Cheshire	*Vice-President*	Marion Fugitt
Margaret Colbert	*Secretary*	Catherine Carson
Barbara Selman	*Treasurer*	Charlotte Granberry

Napsonian Staff

KATHERINE MACMILLAN . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*

IRMA GUTHMAN . . . . . *Business Manager*

MARY HUTCHINSON . . . . . *Literary Editor*

LOUISE SHERMAN . . . . . *Art Editor*

CATHERINE CARSON . . . . . *Assistant Business Manager*

DELPHINE JONES . . . . . *Assistant Literary Editor*

FRANCES YOUNG . . . . . *Alumnae Editor*

MARION FUGITT . . . . . *Staff Photographer*

MISS THYRZA ASKEW . . . *Faculty Advisor*

Pi Sigma Kappas

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Bright Bickerstaff	*President*	Bright Bickerstaff
Katherine MacMillan	*Treasurer*	Elizabeth Hollis
Miss Ethel Pharr	*Faculty Advisor*	

ROLL

Elizabeth Alexander
Bright Bickerstaff
Dorothea Blackshear
Carolyn Cole
Eldredge Grove
Irma Guthman
Elizabeth Hollis
Mary Hutchinson
Katherine MacMillan

Pi Sigma Kappa is an honorary scholarship society whose name suggests "advance in wisdom and—." It is composed of those girls who at the end of the Junior year have the highest rank in scholastic standing. Its charter members were from the class of '24.

Clannaps

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Nelle Kurtz	*President*	Bright Bickerstaff
Miss Spencer McGaughey	*Director*	

ROLL

Bright Bickerstaff
Catherine Hartrampf
Carolyn Hogue
Elizabeth Hollis
Ori Sue Jones
Nelle Kurtz
Margaret McMillen
Barbara Selman
Louise Sherman

The musical talents of North Avenue are represented by our orchestra, Clannaps. It was organized in 1926 by Miss Spencer McGaughey.

Girl Reserves

OFFICERS

Marion Overshiner . . . . . *President*
Delphine Jones . . . . . *Vice-President*
Sarah Nichols . . . . . *Secretary*
Elizabeth Alexander . . . . . *Treasurer*
Miss Sarah Tate . . . . . *Faculty Advisor*

ROLL

Elizabeth Alexander
Eloisa Alexander
Marion Baughn
Marion Bryson
Mary Carter
Sarah Dobbs
Elise Foster
Virginia Gaines
Mary Havens
Jean Hicks
Pickett Hynes
Delphine Jones
Ori Sue Jones
Sarah Nichols
Marion Overshiner
Mary Patton
Adeline Rountree
Mary Snow
Peggy Ulrich
Mildred Williamson
Emily Winship
Rose Mary Zoll

The Girl Reserves were organized in 1929 under the supervision of Miss Ware.
Motto: As a Girl Reserve I will try to face life squarely, to find and give the best.

Cecilians

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
REBECCA YOUNG	*President*	REBECCA YOUNG
LILYAN STARR	*Vice-President*	ST. JOHN BARNWELL
ST. JOHN BARNWELL	*Secretary*	ELIZABETH MORGAN
ELDREDGE GROVE	*Treasurer*	ELDREDGE GROVE

FACULTY ADVISORS

MRS. WINFREY PEEK

MRS. SIDNEY KENNEDY

The Cecilians well represent us in dramatic ability. We eagerly look forward to their two yearly performances, which have always been a credit to our school. The first play was given in 1921 under the direction of Miss Cecilia Cain.

Cecilians

ROLL

St. John Barnwell
Marjorie Bennett
Louise Brown
Jennie Champion
Evelyn Fluker
Elise Foster
Eldredge Grove
Catherine Hartrampf
Katherine Jones
Nelle Kurtz
Mary Malone
Mary Cary Maynard
Elizabeth Morgan
Charlotte Myers
Mary Patton
Marie Sheram
Celeste Smith
Peggy Ulrich
Rebecca Young

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Mary Ellis
Miss Josephine Walker

This year the Cecilians gave as their fall play "Her Step-Husband"; and as their spring play "The Irresistible Marmaduke."

Red Cross Council

EMILY WINSHIP . . . . . *School Representative*

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER . . . . . *Senior*

MARY SNOW . . . . . *Junior*

MARY CLAIRE MAY . . . . . *Sophomore*

JEAN PORTER . . . . . *Freshman*

MISS ETHEL PHARR . . . . . *Faculty Advisor*

Red Cross service has always existed at North Avenue, but since 1928 there has been an organization under our own Council. We do our best to help those who are unable to help themselves.

French Club

COLORS: *Silver and Black* FLOWER: *Fleur de Lis*

OFFICERS

DOROTHY EWING . . . . . *President*
ELIZABETH ALEXANDER . . . . . *Vice-President*
MARION FUGITT . . . . . *Secretary*
ELIZABETH HOLLIS . . . . . *Treasurer*
MRS. SIDNEY KENNEDY . . . . . *Faculty Advisor*

ROLL

DOROTHY JEAN ALEXANDER
ELIZABETH ALEXANDER
MARJORIE BENNETT
KATHRYN BETTY
BRIGHT BICKERSTAFF
DOROTHEA BLACKSHEAR
NANCY BOST
ELIZABETH BRIDGES
HELEN BROWN
LOUISE BROWN
LUCILLE BROWN
JANET CAMPBELL
FRANCES CARLIN
CATHERINE CARSON
LOUISE CHAFFEE
JENNIE CHAMPION
MARGARET CHESHIRE
CAROLYN COLE
HARRIET COLEY
SARAH CRAIG
JANE CRENSHAW
MILDRED DAVIS
SARAH DOBBS
DOROTHY EWING
LILLIAN FAIRLIE
EVELYN FLUKER
MARION FUGITT
VIRGINIA GAINES
ELDREDGE GROVE
IRMA GUTHMAN
CATHERINE HARTRAMPF
FRANCES HAVEN
MARY HAVENS
JEAN HICKS
CAROLYN HOGUE
ELIZABETH HOLLIS
ELOISE HOPKINS
MARY HURT
MARY HUTCHINSON
AUDREY JACOBY
DELPHINE JONES
ELIZABETH JONES
ORI SUE JONES
NELLE KURTZ
LUCILLE LOGAN
MARY MALONE
MARGARET MCMILLEN
ANITA MURPHY
LOUISE NEEL
SARAH NICHOLS
NANCY ORME
MARION OVERSHINER
MARY PATTON
KATHRYN PLACOK
LAMAR PLICHAU
MURIEL PIERCE
JULIA RAGIN
MARY RAGIN
LUCY RAUSCHENBERG
MARTHA ROGERS
ADELINE ROUNTREE
HELEN RUSSELL
LOUISE SHERMAN
SARAH SIMMS
CELESTE SMITH
FRANCES SNIPES
MARY SNOW
MARGARET STOKEY
NITA TATE
MIRIAM THOMAS
CALLENDER WELTNER
SARAH WILKINSON
MILDRED WILLIAMSON
EMILY WINSHIP
FRANCES WOOTTEN
REBECCA YOUNG
ANNE SCOTT HARMAN

The French Club, organized in 1926, consists of all French students after the first half year. Interesting programs are given monthly, to which all members are invited.

Senior Reader Staff

Bright Bickerstaff	*Editor-in-Chief*
Dorothea Blackshear	*Literary Editor*
Virginia Persons	*Assistant Literary Editor*
Louise Sherman	*Art Editor*
Anne Scott Harman	*Sports Editor*
Mary Hurt	*Exchange Editor*
Evelyn Fluker	*Activities Editor*
Margaret Stokey	*Alumnae Editor*
Rebecca Young	*Business Manager*
Carolyn Cole	*Circulation Manager*
Elizabeth Alexander	*Senior Reporter*
Virginia Gaines	*Junior Reporter*
Celeste Smith	*Sophomore Reporter*
Polly Barnwell	*Freshman Reporter*
Miss Alice Rivers	*Faculty Advisor*

The newspaper, *Senior Reader,* is our newest venture, being founded only this year. The paper is published every two months and relates all news of interest in the school.

Presidents' Club

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Mary Hurt	*Student Body*	Lucille Logan
Mary Hutchinson	*Seniors*	Evelyn Fluker
Sarah Dobbs	*Juniors*	Sarah Dobbs
St. John Barnwell	*Sophomores*	Frances Haven
Elizabeth Blackshear	*Freshmen*	Barbara Selman
Bright Bickerstaff	*Pi Sigma Kappas*	Bright Bickerstaff
Rebecca Young	*Cecilians*	Rebecca Young
Nelle Kurtz	*Clannaps*	Bright Bickerstaff
Anne Scott Harman	*Athletic Association*	Anne Scott Harman
Katherine MacMillan	*Napsonian Staff*	Katherine MacMillan
Bright Bickerstaff	*Senior Reader Staff*	Bright Bickerstaff
Dorothy Ewing	*French Club*	Dorothy Ewing
Elizabeth Hollis	*Boarders*	Elizabeth Hollis
Marion Overshiner	*Girl Reserves*	Marion Overshiner
Emily Winship	*Junior Red Cross*	Emily Winship

The Presidents' Club is composed of the heads of all the organizations. It decides all matters not necessary to be brought before the student body.

Boarders

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Elizabeth Hollis	*President*	Elizabeth Hollis
Lillian Fairlie	*Vice-President*	Jane Jackson
Martha Sessoms	*Secretary*	Edith Hills
Jane Jackson	*Treasurer*	Martha Sherman

FAMILY

Mrs. L. D. Munford . . . . . *House Mother*

Frances Dearing
Lillian Fairlie
Edith Hills
Mary Elizabeth Holcombe
Elizabeth Hollis
Jane Jackson
Dena McCay
Martha Sessoms
Martha Sherman
Miss Askew
Mrs. Moore
Mrs. Peek
Mrs. Priest
Miss Tate
Miss Walker
Miss Wing

Mascot . . . . . Ernest Priest

FEATURES
L Sherman

Best All-Round
Evelyn Fluker

Nobility

Mary Hurt

To

THE SPIRIT OF NOBILITY

A seeker, she, who sees afar
Perfection in her goal.
Reality and dreams are fused
In the shaping of her soul.

Ability

Katherine MacMillan

To

THE SPIRIT OF ABILITY

She uses well her many gifts—
Keen powers, through which she finds
The truth of life and work
Revealed in greater minds.

Play

Marion Fugitt

To

THE SPIRIT OF PLAY

Laughter she has ever known,
And strength of skillful feet;
Gain she finds in victory
And likewise in defeat.

Service

Elizabeth Hollis

To

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

Understanding fills her heart
And the peace which giving brings;
Quite early she has learned to find
The joy in Little things.

A Tale From a New Arabian Nights

❖

Scheherazade sits in her tapestry-hung room thinking, thinking. Her life depends upon her ability to fascinate the Sultan by relating stories each night. Many have died the next day because they could not entertain him sufficiently. At first she despairs. Then—ah! she will tell him a story of Naps where she spent those happy young days of hers. Perhaps it is beyond her power.

Sept. 4, 1930 A.D.—Jane Jones enters North Avenue.

Sept. 5, 1930 A.D.—Jane Jones sits in her boudoir, gazing, gazing. At the crystal ball? No, at her schedule. Yesterday she had been so enthusiastic; Naps had seemed such a wonderful school. She liked all the girls. But *that* schedule! She had expected to take four subjects: Home Economics, Current Events (its *so* broadening), Bible, and Gym. She had been willing to take Gym five times a week and, in fact, had looked forward to it. But Miss Askew was of a most uncompromising nature—she spoke bewilderingly of units. Units? She had been warned of the abrupt change from Miss Gussie's Grammar School to any High School but she had never dreamt of this. Almost despairing, she concedes one week to further investigation. And then—

Sept. 19, 1930 A. D.—Jane attends the party given to throw light upon what the correct behavior of Freshmen should be in the presence of their superiors. (Jane Jones has found that a difference of opinion exists between the Freshmen and Upperclassmen as to who the "superiors" are.) It is all so interesting that she decides to endure it a while longer.

Sept. 26, 1930 A.D.—Jane Jones takes part in the contest in which the Sophs and Freshies vie for possession of Napsella. Much to her delight the Freshies win the right to hang their silver charm around Napsella's neck.

Oct. 13, 1930 A.D.—Jane finds that Annuals are not supported by love alone but by Ads, which, it appears, all Naps girls hope to secure. So she sets out to help the Freshmen and they win that First Ad Campaign.

Oct. 16, 1930 A.D.—Jane Jones is saddened. There is a Cecilian Try-out today, but not for the Freshmen. They must be content with the promise of another Try-out after Christmas.

Oct. 17, 1930 A.D.—The first real event of the year is tonight. It's that interclass Swimming Contest! The diving is the most graceful Jane has ever seen and she is thrilled when her "grandmothers" win first place.

Oct. 31, 1930 A.D.—Jane goes with her big sister to see the Seniorpolitan Opera—Great!

Nov. 7, 1930 A.D.—Jane decides that boys aren't such a necessary asset after she attends the Girl Reserves Manless Ball.

Nov. 21, 1930 A.D.—Jane goes to the last of a series of inter-class Basket-ball games to see the Seniors carry off the Shield in triumph.

Nov. 25, 1930 A.D.—"Her Step-Husband" is presented by the Cecilians and Jane watches the Cecilians perform, wrapt in awed admiration.

Nov. 26, 1930 A.D.—Jane gazes with glee upon the marriage of Mr. Turkey Drumstick to Miss Cranberry Jelly at the Thanksgiving Celebration.

Dec. 12, 1930 A.D.—The school is bubbling with excitement. A band of cannibals is abroad. They make their debut in "Synthetic Savages," presented by the Junior Class.

Dec. 18, 1930 A.D.—Jane is filled with the Christmas spirit after attending the Service so real a part of Naps. Then, too, there's the playing Santa Claus for the little children—and there're the dear Old Ladies at Chapel.

Jan. 17, 1931 A.D.—Whoopee! Exams are over and Jane's poor brain may now be somewhat A. W. O. L. and her heart is light again.

Jan. 23, 1931 A.D.—After weeks of hard practice, Jane is able to chant as loudly as the other fifteen:

"We're on the Varsity now!"

Jan. 30, 1931 A.D.—Sing-Song Days are here again, and the Seniors draw the first prize. The end of a perfect day comes in the defeat of Sacred Heart by our Varsity.

Feb. 6, 1931 A.D.—Naps versus Elberton—we win!

Feb. 7, 1931 A.D.—Our Varsity clashes with Jonesboro today—another win!

Feb. 13, 1931 A.D.—Jane Jones makes her first stage appearance in "The Cat's Meow," presented by the Freshman Class—thrills!

Feb. 14, 1931 A.D.—Naps celebrated St. Valentine's Day by a tussle with Monroe—one loss makes us appreciate success.

Feb. 21, 1931 A.D.—Fulton High is our adversary today—we win!

Feb. 27, 1931 A. D.—Jane gets her chance of a life-time—she plays in the game with Athens—fight? Oh—my—me!!

March 6, 1931 A.D.—The Sophomores bring the roll of class parties to a climax with their offering.

March 7, 1931 A.D.—Naps meets Anniston today in a peppy mood.

March 13, 1931 A.D.—Naps travels today—to Rome where the Team struggles against modern Romans. Would we could dispose of Caesar's Romans of Latin II!

March 21, 1931 A.D.—The big game of the season is at hand. The Seminary varsity lies in wait to trap our Napsite team. We—

March 26, 1931 A.D.—Jane is determined to become a Cecilian after seeing their play tonight.

April 10, 1931 A.D.—Jane's enthusiasm waxes high as she joins in the Stunts of the Athletic Animation.

April 24, 1931 A.D.—The Year of Sports draws to a close with Field Day as its climax.

May 31, 1931 A.D.—Jane attends the Baccalaureate Sermon and is filled with ambition and zeal by the inspiring talk—and with awe in that long, lovely, white-clad line.

June 1, 1931 A.D.—Jane wonders if there was ever another school quite like Naps as she watches from the ranks of the Maids of Honor the daintily robed Seniors march between the ivy chains on May Day.

June 2, 1931 A.D.—This is the Senior's day of days and it's Jane's, too. Naps is firmly established in her heart and she can see herself three years from today, another white-clad Napsite receiving her hard-earned diploma.

* * * * * * * * *

The Sultan, fascinated, bids Scheherazade live—"I must have other tales from this wonderful School."

Lucille Logan and

Eloise Hopkins, '32.

Take Courage, Napsites

Some of our troubles and woes through the day
Give us more courage and good strength to play.
As Napsites true we're willing to take
The hard blows of battle for Naps' own sake.
They make us more honest and equally fair
And always friendly and willing to share.
Don't let your troubles and joys through the day
Only carry yourself along life's way,
But lend helping hands to all of the rest
And God will grant you that which is best.

CHARLOTTE GRANBERRY, '34.

❖

To a Violet

Perfection in a flower seen,
Deep purple hues as soft as sheen;
So small and yet so sweet, divine,
A symbol of God's love, sublime.

CELESTE SMITH, '33.

❖

Dream Paths

A while we've trudged the little paths
That wend their happy way,
To a time-worn door, whose open arms
Have greeted us each day.
Dream paths, I love to call them
Where lovely friendships grow,
Strewn with golden happy dreams
As we've wandered to and fro.
And I should love to gather up
These tender, wistful dreams
And breathe on them a little prayer,
For the owners—all unseen—
A wish that all their dreams come true
In the days that are to be,
That friendships made will ever live,
As a happy memory.
Then gently would I place the dreams
All safe and snug again
Where they may keep our dream paths bright,
And always there remain.

DOROTHY JEAN ALEXANDER, '31.

"I Was Told to Write Some Poetry for the Annual"

Have you ever tried to write poetry? Well, don't then until you have to! I don't want to sound like a grandmother or a great-aunt or something, but I have tried it, and the process is the most bewildering imaginable! To me it was something like this:

The first stumbling-block in my poetic path was a title—"One catching and interesting," I said to myself. I decided on "Rowdy Rumor."

Next came the momentous decision of the number of syllables that should be used per line. The first two lines proceeded nobly with five, but the third absolutely couldn't do without eight, so my whole plan was changed. How delighted I was when I emerged with four whole lines, all having the same *dum* te *dum* te *dum!* Bravo!—but—

Not until I read it proudly aloud did I realize that nothing rhymed. Imagine my embarrassment! By the time I got through, my lovely yellow pencil, like a giant cell, had divided into three small ones, not nearly so lovely! Now I had the word that brought up the good-natured rear of every other line rhyming beautifully, but this time I read it aloud very meekly, fearing that I would find something else vitally wrong. It was a hopeless little something like this:

"ROWDY RUMOR"

"Rumor is fastest of all pests;
Although it is tiny to start,
Soon it towers above all the birds' nests,
By its bad words it hurts every heart."

So you see how it is! If you want to tackle that process, go to it —but, remember, I'm warning you!

ELIZABETH HOLLIS, '31.

Family Expectations

❖

I. (9 Years Old)

Family expectations—
What does that suggest?
That I must make all A's in school
And always do my best.

Brush my hair down smoothly,
Keep my papers neat;
Learn my lessons every day,
And be so good and sweet.

Wish there wasn't any school;
Always just vacations;
'Cause a girl has to live
Up to family expectations.

II. (15 Years Old)

Family expectations—
What does that suggest?
That I must make all A's in school
And always do my best.

Latin—Caesar and translation—
Geometry as well;
Work just piles up on a girl,
Till she does rebel.

Wish there wasn't any school;
Always just vacations;
Then I wouldn't have to live
Up to family expectations.

III. (18 Years Old)

Family expectations—
What does that suggest?
That I must keep my standards high
And always do my best.

Graduation day at last!
All my studies through;
Going to leave the Alma Mater.
Why am I so blue?

Now there won't be any school,
Always just vacations;
But still I'll have to live
Up to family expectations.

Polly Barnwell, '34.

A Friend in Need

There are many things endearing about beloved old Naps,
Many things of interest to engage our thoughts perhaps;
Many are the memories and all will have their place,
But I fear, that in our hurry, maybe some will not get space.
I know the institution and all it represents
Will get full share of credit and well-earned compliments.
And, so, as I sit down, to write into this book,
My mind goes out to one whom we perhaps may overlook.
We have seen him in bad weather, and we've seen him when it's good;
He's guarded almost all of us in the best way that he could.
He has held his head in traffic jams, and got us safely by,
As cars would come a-speeding, and past us they would fly.
He's kept clear all the traffic and watched the safety zone—
And daily watched our crossing as he would his very own.
We girls all owe him plenty that we never can repay,
For he's done his duty splendidly, and in such a gracious way.
He has always been the gentleman, so courteous and so nice,
Even though the rain was pouring, or the streets were filled with ice.
So girls, let's do him honor—right here let's call a stop,
And pay our very best respects to Naps' fine

TRAFFIC COP!

CHARLOTTE MYERS, '31.

The Impression Seniors Would Create

With the same spirit that gave birth to the saying, "A cat may look at a queen," we pass Senior Hall! Sh! a respectful silence falls on us as we tiptoe by. If we wore hats they would be removed. As it is, the heads of humble lower classmen are bowed in submissive reverence before "those Seniors."

We see them standing in groups, laughing and chatting gaily, carelessly eating. (Oh, to be able to eat when and how one pleases.) With bated breath we try to peep into the small room, holy and dear to the heart of every Senior. We see between discreetly curtained windows a table or two, a cretonne-covered couch, and soft, home-like pillows. "How cozy, how quiet!" we breathe.

Just then we look up, hushed in silence: a Senior looks balefully at us, reminding us that we are lower classmen, the despised of mankind.

Only wait until we are Seniors!

ADELINA HALL, '33.

The Impression Seniors Do Create

"Please ya'all be quiet; so I kin study."
"Shut the door when ya' come in!"
"I just couldn't b'lieve my eyes."
"An' then he said—"
"Aw, c'mon, lend me a nickel, will ya?"
"Ouch! gimme a little room. This couch isn't all yours."
"He was adorable, an' dance!!!?!"
"*Please*, help me with this math. I'm sunk!"
"Goin' to the De Molay dance Saturday?"
"Really darlyn, I thought he was a Kappa Sig!"
"Good grief, where the dickens' my theme?"
"How in the world do you factor No. 8?"
"Is it good! I've never read such a fascinating book."
"I'm simply perishing for some water."
"Water? I want food!"
"My dear, his eyes were simply marvelous!"
"What? you're crazy; this is my book."
"Gosh! there goes the bell an' I dunno a thing."
"Um-hum, I told ya so!"

PEGGY ULRICH, '33.

The March

It was bitterly cold and snow covered everything within sight, yet we had to start on our journey. Oh, how we hated to leave our warm, comfortable shelter and begin that long, dreary march across the way. Nervously we paced the floor, racking our brains for any excuse to remain. In the end, realizing that we must obey orders, we wrapped our coats closely around us and opened the door. We shivered as an icy blast struck us, and longed to shut out this demon, cold. I ventured a timid foot into the snow, and the rest took heart and followed. Bravely we met the buffeting wind and struggled through the drifts. The reflection of the bright mid-day sun on the snow blinded us; we had almost lost our way! But no, in front of us loomed a building. Spurred on by the sight of this, we reached it in a few minutes. Oh, what a haven of warmth and comfort Inman Hall seemed to us after our long march from Senior Hall!

LOUISE SHERMAN, '31.

❖

N. A. P. S. Freshies are the Happiest

I.

High school days are here at last:
Each one rushes by so fast
Poor little "Freshie."
Doesn't know which way to turn.
Seniors look so grim and stern.
Poor little "Freshie."
Sophomores and Juniors, too,
Help to make the day so blue
Poor little "Freshie."
Make her say, "Oh, what's the use,
All this coolness and abuse."
Poor little "Freshie."
"Days of this I could not last,"
High school days she wishes past.
Poor, poor, little "Freshie."

II.

Lucky little Freshman she,
Glad as glad, as glad can be,
Happy little "Freshie."
She's a Napsite, don't you know:
Skips to classes to and fro.
Happy little "Freshie."
No one here looks grim or stern,
Friendly faces at every turn.
Happy little "Freshie."
Day by day new joys unfold
Big sisters with hearts of gold.
Happy little "Freshie."
Days she'll treasure when they're past,
Memory's souvenirs that last
Happy, happy, little "Freshie."

BETTY WEITHINGTON, '34.

Naps

Write of days at Naps, you say,
Why I could write until I'm gray,
And never tell of all the fun
We have at school, when work is done.
When our mothers used to go to school,
Reading and writing was their "golden rule,"
With arithmetic to make things gay,
And give them something to brighten the day.
But at Naps it's different as can be
And I'll tell you about it, so listen to me.
First comes the torture of "Freshies" so dear,
To make them feel happy, and welcome here.
After that, if they've stood the test,
Other things start, and they get a rest.
There's tryouts then, to please us all
Cecilians, Clannaps, and Basket-ball
These fill our time, from morn 'til night
And cause our days to seem more bright.
Then come class games, with rivalry high,
And a feeling grand that you cannot buy
When our team wins the hard-fought game,
And brings to its class undying fame.
And then the class parties are next in row
With programs so fine we all want to go.
Then "Senior-Reader" holds the light,
With news and fiction our minds to delight.
The Annual, too, next holds sway,
With the slogan, "Get Ads," to fill our day.
The Glee Club and Clannaps, fine music do bring
To make us feel happy, and make our hearts ring.
The Varsity season next comes in view
With cheering and songs along with it, too.
When everyone's heart becomes kind of tight
When she thinks with pride, that she's a Napsite.
There's Cecilian Plays in Spring and Fall,
So fine that they delight us all;
And the Swimming Meet that the Soph'mores won,
And French Club days, with lots of fun.
Thus the year has slipped away·
With work and fun filling each day
Until at last we reach the end,
And say good-bye to every friend.
Graduation strains will die at last,
And joyous times that fled too fast.
But with a love that knows no bound,
Our hearts at Naps, will 'ere be found.

FRANCES SNIPES, '31.

Bits of Conversation Heard at Recess

"Oh, boy, did I have a swell .....
.... sandwich. Thanks .....
.... a marvelous picture. Greta Garbo is so .....
.... tacky I call her. Not to even let him .....
.... "Kiss me, Sweetheart, Kiss .....
.... your aunt? That would be .....
.... beastly weather. Did you bring .....
.... a tomahawk. All the Indians .....
.... are going. You ought to .....
.... rave on about that dance. Will you never .....
.... practise basket-ball. Hope so. We need .....
.... a lipstick. What color is .....
.... "Euphony," come to class .....
.... R. O. T. C. and it was a .....
.... horrible week. What with ....
.... more dates and cute .....
.... Mrs. Moore. Always lets us out of .....
.... eating my lunch. Never saw anybody like .....
.... a dog. Nice doggie, come ....
.... eat this banana. I think it's .....
.... Tech dances. Are you going to the Pan .....
.... American History Class? How I .....
.... wish you'd go .....
.... tell Miss Walker I .....
.... love Norma Shearer but .....
.... oh, you took over half of my .....
.... grand time. Don't you wish .....
.... a gorgeous auto. Must be .....
.... orange moire. Has your dress a .....
.... ham sandwich, Miss Wing. Why don't you .....
.... send a birthday telegram. How perfectly .....
.... simple. That theorem for tomorrow is .....
.... a charming boy. Don't you like .....
.... a K. A.? I think .....
.... that's beastly. Why do you .....
.... love angel-food cake. I wish you .....
.... a wonderful English grade. A-plus. Did your .....
.... "Lover, Come back to" ....
.... French class. I haven't .....
.... Miss Askew or I'd have .....
.... a red dress to .....
.... "Sing Something Simple" ....

(And so on even unto 12:13).

ANNE SCOTT HARMAN, '31.

The Infernal Curse

Clocks! clocks! Yes, I hear you ticking there.
Also hear that awful blare;
Would you like to take the air?
Oh, keep it up—I don't care.

The guy who made up clocks is dumb;
Bet HE didn't cram 'til one.
But if that guy should go to heaven,
I HOPE he has to rise at seven.

CELESTE SMITH, '33.

❖

That Discerning Eye

I hadn't studied,
She seemed to know;
She looked at me,
Asked, "Is it so?"
I looked at her,
Said, "I don't know."
She took up her book—
I got a zero!

CELESTE SMITH, '33.

❖

Chemistry

Oh, what a mess,
And no success,
With all our toiling here!
We only pop and have to mop
The test tubes to the rear.

We make a gas
And have to pass
Right quickly from the room.
Because the stuff
Will poison us
And that would be our doom.

We hear a yell
And go pell-mell
Some through the windows there,
Because we know
If we don't go,
We won't be here to care.

Most trying of classes,
Worse as time passes,
Said "Teacher" in despair;
Only a man
Can help me stand
Them—without greying my hair.

JENNIE CHAMPION, '31.

Thoughts of a Sewing Machine in Friday Home Ec. Class

Friday at last! My but this week has been a long one. It seems ages since last Friday when all those girls went home and gave my poor legs a chance to rest. But just two more periods and it'll all be over. Here they come now. Just listen to that jabber—

"I bid the table first, Mildred" . . .

"That's my seat over there by the window, Marjorie."

"Miss Roberts, I forgot my pattern, what'll I do?" . . .

"Betty, stop trying to show off those new scissors" . . .

"Here's one of your legs over here, Sarah" . . .

"Can't you find anything to sing besides 'If I could be with you,' Jane?" . . .

"Has anybody seen the Georgia this week? I hear it's pretty good" . . .

"Gracious, there's the first bell, and I haven't even begun to start!" . . .

"That's *one* thing you can't have picoted, Frances."

"Watch out, Dot. You'll stretch your neck if you aren't careful" . . .

"Oh, Miss Roberts—I mean Mrs. Peek—please come show me how to thread this bobbin, I never *can* do it right" . . .

"Did you like that dress she had on at the dance last night?" . . .

"Hurry up with the machine, Audrey—I've got to sew up my sides" . . .

"How much more time have we got, somebody? Five minutes—oh, gosh, and I've still got my neck to bind—Miss Roberts, can we take our sewing home over the week-end?" . . .

"Somebody take my basket over to Senior Hall for me. I've got a last class" . . .

"I'll come back and shut up the machine, Miss Roberts, before I leave" . . . "So long."

Whew! I'm sure glad that's over. Those girls talk more and say less than anybody I know of. Oh, well—I know she'll forget to put my top down anyway; so I suppose I'll go on to sleep and trust to luck I don't freeze during the night.

Jane Crenshaw, '31.

That Unholy Three Minutes

We sit on the edge of our seats, anxiously awaiting the familiar tinkle of the bell. Shrilly it rings out, and then the stampede begins. Push, push, oh, will I ever reach number 96! Tramping of feet seems to halt my progress toward my locker. Books are all scattered up and down the hall to stumble over. The water fountain line is just too long to wait on.

Oh my, what will Mrs. Moore say? I can't find my prose in this rush.

"Oh, do pardon me, Miss Tate, I did not for one moment mean to knock you aside."

"Who spilled this ink, Marly?"

"Celeste, you're too small to be seen; did I hurt you much? My feet are just like black and blue nubs, too."

"No, Mary Cary, you can't borrow my gym suit; it's too small."

Finally we reach our lockers.

"Frances, please shut your door; I can't get in my locker. Who has my pencil?"

"Yes, you can have my compact, but put it back where you found it."

"Oh, Peggy, can't you manage to get your gum into the trashbasket? I've stepped on it again."

"Well, all right, 'Weesa,' sign me up for the library. I'll be there if I can squeeze my way to the door."

MARGARET LEE COLBERT, '33.

Interim

I sit and sit,
Just thinking.

I made up my mind
That some day
I'd wax sentimental
And evolve a bit of verse
That was reeking with
Decisive thoughts and witty sayings—
All about love!

I sit and sit—
Yet—

And my paper lies blank
Before me still—

I can't seem to conjure up
Clever rhymes—
But that doesn't mean
I cannot love—

MARY HUTCHINSON, '31.

Ad Hunting

We entered the store bravely.

"Oh, what lovely refrigerators!" we exclaimed.

After admiring them we advanced to one of the salesmen.

"Could you tell us whether the advertising manager is in or not?" we inquired.

"No," he answered, "he will not be in until three o'clock."

"Well, do you do any advertising in school annuals?" we again queried, seeking some pleasant opening for the conversation. Alas, we were doomed to disappointment.

"Um," he replied, "we never do that type of advertising." That was queer, we thought; there was the firm's name in our last year's Annual. We said "thank you," however, and hurried out the door.

After walking a long time and going into different places where we were always disappointed even though we admired everything from permanent waves to bath tubs, we entered a building and without admiring a thing, walked up to the information desk. Who should sit there but our late Art teacher, now Mrs. Jones! We had a little chat which was mostly about pictures and the intricacies of ad hunting. Then she told us the Advertising Manager's office was on the second floor, and, promising to let her know the results, we got into the elevator.

The Manager and his secretary were in the room. Advancing to the desk, one of us stated, "We are from the North Avenue Presbyterian School and—."

"Well, first of all, I'll tell you your story," the Manager volunteered kindly.

We paused and he began, "You are from the North Avenue Presbyterian School and you are in great need of Ads for your Annual."

"Yes," we chorused eagerly—with large hope!

"Well, I have turned down I don't know how many girls. (Our faces fell at that.) Have you an Annual with you?"

We hastily handed one to him.

"Do you girls patronize your advertisers?"

Again we chorused "Yes," and at this point two of his friends came in. He told them the proposition and asked should he buy an eighth of a page. They were on our side and said, "Yes."

We were waiting fearfully now his decision.

"I'll take an eighth of a page, but our firm's name must not be mentioned anywhere in your annual. Put in our space "In loving memory of $7.50."

Beverly Peeples, '33.

Our Junior High Sisters

LOOKING INTO OUR FUTURE: SENIOR HIGH

Initiation Day will come first of all,
Scrubbing, with your tooth-brush, the Senior High hall;
With all of your clothes on, hind part before,
And kneeling to your elders, who appear at the door.

A great pleasure we await in Senior High,
In the meeting of our teachers, by and by;
New friends, we will be glad to greet,
New studies, too, we won't fear to meet.

Chapel will really be fun, you bet!
And it'll be something we won't forget;
With officers there to preside each day,
We'll combine our meetings with work and play.

Then will come basket-ball with lots of pep,
For we Napsites must live up to our "rep."
And we'll all do our best at basket-ball;
And try to be good sports through it all.

Something to look forward to, is the "Sing-Song"
Introducing new songs, some short, and some long;
This will give unbounded pleasure, you see,
For class spirit means a great deal to me.

All of these pleasures, in Senior High School,
Will be great treasures, if we obey each rule;
But we'll be sorry to leave our Junior High,
And to our dear teachers, say good-bye.

JEAN HOWELL, JR. II

❖

Our Junior High Sisters

FAREWELL TO JUNIOR HIGH

Good-bye, good-bye to Junior High,
The end of this year is drawing nigh;
'Tis slipping by so very fast,
And this one is our very last.

Good-bye, good-bye, to Junior High,
We say to our teachers with a sigh,
For they have been so kind and true,
We do hate to say adieu.

Good-bye, good-bye, to Junior High,
Another mile post soon gone by.
And in the twinkle of an eye,
We'll Freshmen be in Senior High.

CAROLYN MALONE, JR. II.

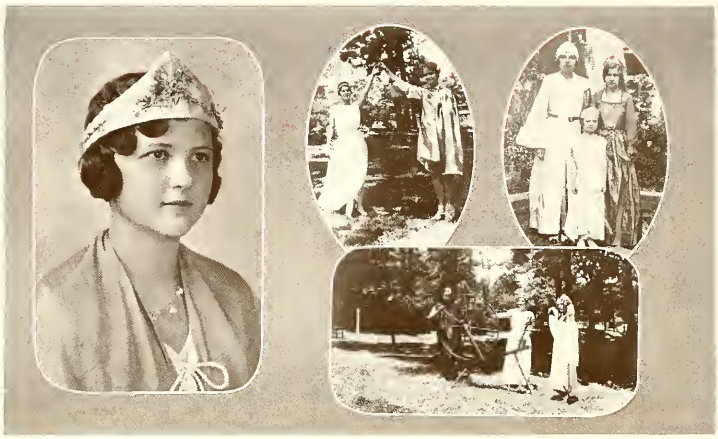
An Eighth Grader's Anticipation of High School

(With apologies to Alfred, Lord Tennyson)
"High School is coming, High School is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Freshman year, Sophomore year, Junior year, Senior year!"
Yes, happy eighth grade poet.

The eighth grade you now have mastered,
Last year you thought it so hard,
But High School is coming, is coming
Watch out for the old report card!

"It's coming, it's coming, High School's coming."
O rave as long as you last!
For High School is coming, is coming, my dear,
And your grammar school age will be past.

MARY ELIZABETH BARGE, JR. II.



Commencement Honors 1930

SENIOR HIGH

Senior Class, '30	*Class Cup*
Kathryn Lynch, '30	*E. D. Hutchinson Service Award*
Hazel Roy Butler, '30	*Agnes Scott Scholarship*
Evelyn Floyd, '30	*Radcliffe Scholarship*
Sue Colquitt Hardman, '30	*Shorter Scholarship*
Frances Word, '30	*Sophie Newcomb Scholarship*
Katherine MacMillan, '31	*Alumnae Scholarship*
Elise Foster, '34	*Napsonian Scholarship*
Frances Woolford, '30	*C. E. Harrison Cup*
Emily Harrell, '30	*Dorothy Partridge Memorial Cup*
Margaret Stokey, '31	*U. D. C. Essay Medal and Camp Scholarship State Prize*
Clara Mitchell McConnell, '30	*D. A. R. Medal*
Hazel Roy Butler, '30	*Daughters of 1912 Medal*
Marguerite Jones, '30	*An Honorable Mention State Chemistry Prize*
Aline Fraser, '30	*A First Place, State Chemistry Prize*
Mary Logan, '30	*Mrs. W. M. Hutchinson English Prize*
Marion Fugitt, '30	*Honor Cup*
Sue Colquitt Hardman, '30	*Napsonia*

JUNIOR HIGH

Elise Foster	*Mrs. J. M. High Service Award*
Elizabeth Blackshear	*Honor Cup*

Five Year Greetings

'15—'20—'25—'30

Dear Class of Thirty-One:

It is a very interesting fact, yet difficult to realize, that the five year classes now number four; that it is now Fifteen's privilege to extend to the Seniors, the Staff of the NAPSONIAN, and NAPS herself, the heartiest of congratulations for all they represent in the educational world. The very great progress made by the school in this short time, relatively brief in the history of institutions, is a source of just pride to all of us who have entered and passed out through her portals. Our class, although small, is widely scattered; yet NAPS is, as always, the tie that binds, and I am sure I speak for all four classes in sending you our sincerest and best wishes.

ISABEL GUINN NELLANS, '15.

Dear Napsites of '30-'31:

Coming back to N. A. P. S. after ten years is truly a privilege even if one must come as a teacher instead of a High School girl! I know all the girls of '20 envy me my chance to see the Napsites of '30-'31 and I'm sure they would be just as thrilled as I am to see how skirts may go up and down, and yells and songs change, and stunts and the Varsity (and even classes!) grow better and better, but the N. A. P. S. spirit is always the same. The years may come and go but the N. A. P. S. girls still "come swinging along in the same steady line!"

Love and greetings
FROM '20,
By ELIZABETH ASKEW.

Advice to Young Girls

By "PAM OF THE PRESS."

Dear Pam:

What do you think of a big Co-ed School for me next Fall? I am sixteen years old.

SENIOR AT N. A. P. S.

Dear Senior:

If you are the usual type of girl I would advise strongly against a Co-ed School until you have first been to a girls' school and are at least eighteen years old. Every girl, in my opinion, should have Co-ed experience but it holds too many pitfalls for the very young.

Sincerely,
PAM.

Dear Pam:

When I am away at school and lose my ambition and become discouraged, what shall I do?

N. A. P. S. SENIOR.

Dear Senior:

I am glad you asked that question, because there will be so many times when you'll feel just that way. When you do, try with all the will-power you possess to keep your self-confidence. If those around you whom you admire excel in something in which you fail, look over your resources and find something in which you may excel. The very unusualness of your talent will give it charm.

At a time like this you will find that it helps worlds to think on the inspirational ideas given in Chapel at N. A. P. S.

Sincerely,
PAM.
JANE DILLON, '25.
President Alumnae Association.

Greetings, Napsites, with a great big hello to every one of you from every one of us one-year-old Alumnae.

Although we're just one year old and one year away from you, it has been one more year to be a "true Napsite" and to learn to love our Alma Mater all the more.

You have no idea how much we have missed those "crushes," rushes, and basket-ball games, and especially chapel with the songs and Miss Askew's little black book.

Some of us are "green freshies" at Shorter, some at Sophie Newcomb, Wesleyan, Radcliffe, Mary Baldwin, and some of us are right here at home, but we are neither too far nor too near to realize that the happiest days of all were those spent at dear old N. A. P. S. with you.

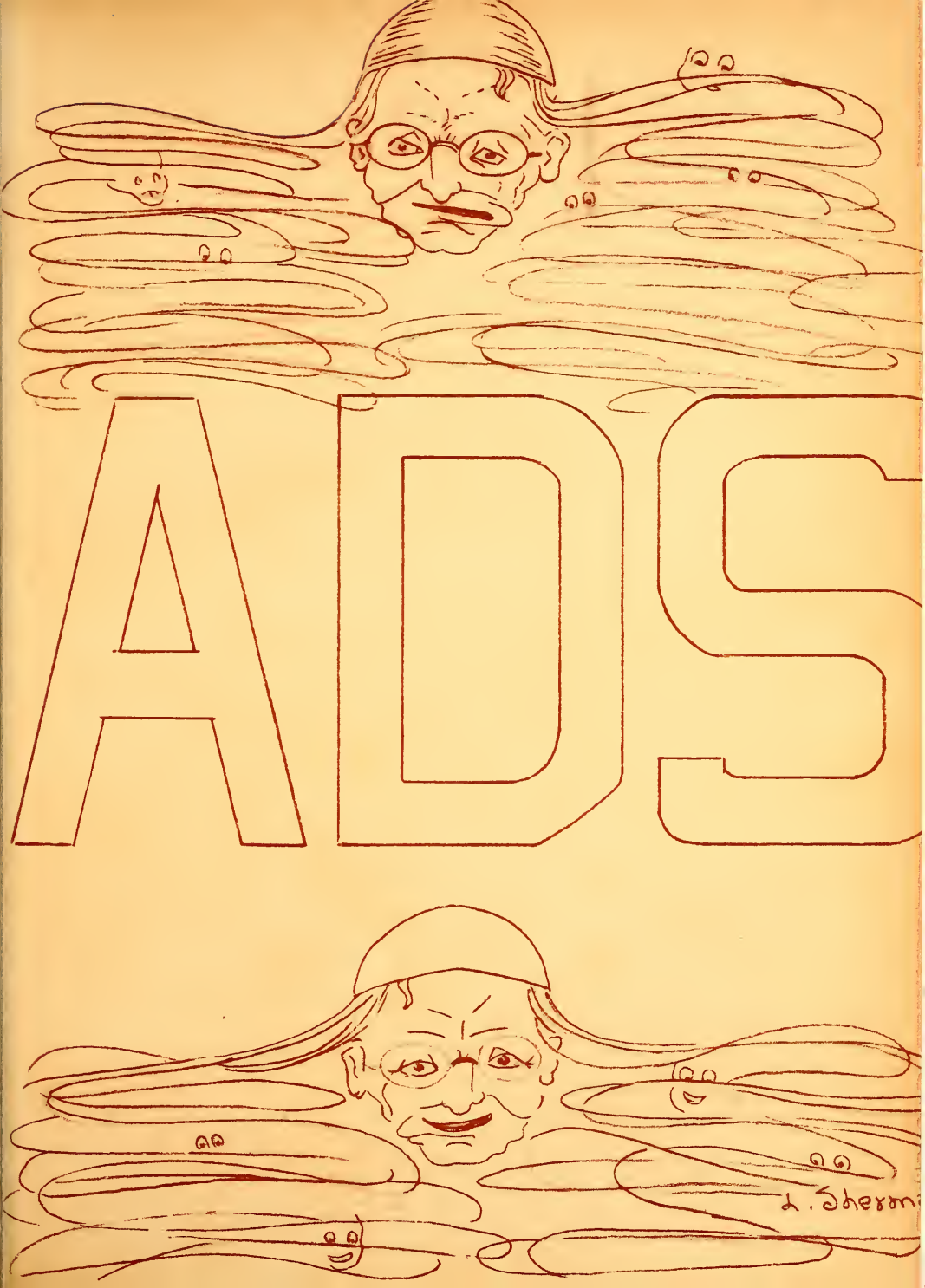
To the Seniors especially we send our best wishes for their happiness and success and to every Napsite our love and hope that "Nobility, Ability, Play, and Service" will bring you every joy.

EMILY HARRELL, '30.

Children of Daughters of Naps

Not only is the Alumnae List increasing every year through large graduating classes, but a growing circle of grandchildren is appearing to carry on the ideals of N. A. P. S.

Charles Thomas Nellans
Josephine Nellans
(Isabel *Guinn* Nellans, '15)
Adolphus Richardson Callaway
Edgar Allan Callaway
(Elizabeth *Richardson* Callaway, '15)
Betty Patterson Hoyt
Corrie Hoyt
(Mary *Wills* Hoyt, '15)
Anne Pomeroy Brantley
Jane Elizabeth Brantley
Betty Brantley
(Florence *Stowe* Brantley, '16)
Sarah Margaret Lane
(Marie *Bennett* Lane, '17)
Frederic Renfroe Weedon, Jr.
Josephine Davis Weedon
(Josephine *Davis* Weedon, '17)
Audrey Ann Martin
Sara May Martin
John Heath Martin
(Ruth *McCutcheon* Martin, '18)
Margaret Lowndes
Alice Izzard Lowndes
(Elizabeth *Nicols* Lowndes, '18)
George Colbert Stuart
Manson Wilson Stuart
Mary Alice Stuart
(Alice *Wilson* Stuart, '18)
James Woodson
Robert Woodson
(Anna *Jennings* Woodson, '19)
Joseph Henry Green, Jr.
Ruth Candler Green
(Lucia *Pope* Green, '19)
Margaret Sheffield
(Margaret *Ransom* Sheffield, '19)
William Atkinson Satterwhite
Betty Anne Satterwhite
(Mary *Wilhelm* Satterwhite, '20)
Joyce Oberdorfer
(Lala *Hirsch* Oberdorfer, '20)
Lyons Joel Heyman
(Helene *Joel* Heyman, '20)
Mary Virginia Farmer
(Frances *Wooley* Farmer, '20)
Bobbie Hall
Carol Hall
(Charlotte *Hancock* Hall, '21)
Mary Sue Branch
Margaret Branch
Carolyn Branch
(Leont *McGaughey* Branch, '21)
George Wm. Crawford, III
Marguerite Anne Crawford
(Marguerite *Burnley* Crawford, '22)
Joe McMillan, Jr.
(Anna *Zillig* McMillan, '22)
Lee Stearn, Jr.
Frances Stearn
(Carolyn *Gershon* Stearn, '22)
David Kulman
(Julia *Greenfield* Kulman, '22)
Albert Wright
(Jean *Williams* Wright, '22)
Beaumont Davison, III
Thomas Zellers Davison
(Mary *Zellers* Davison, Jr., '22)
Raymond Weathers Stephens, Jr.
(Alice *Stewart* Stephens, '22)
Albert Matthews Thompson
Charles Nathan Thompson
(Martha *Matthews* Thompson, '22)
Pat Thompson Murray
Robert Bergstrom Murray
(Martha *Bergstrom* Murray, '23)
Barbara Fay Fouche
(Elizabeth *Nichols* Fouche, '23)
Nancy Anderson
(Esther *Nisbet* Anderson, '23)
Eleanor Caroline Bickel
(Eleanor *McGinty* Bickel, '23)
Allen Davis, III
(Rose *Gershon* Davis, '24)
Edgar Dunlap, Jr.
(Mary *McCarty* Dunlap, '24)
Virginia Caroline Dunlap
(Lucile *Stone* Dunlap, '24)
Mary Alice Burton
Anne Burton
(Clayton *Callaway* Burton, '24)
Allen Quitman Bass
Wm. Jossey Bass
Robert Marsh Bass
(Elizabeth *Jossey* Bass, '24)
Carson Saville, Jr.
(Carolyn *Bonney* Saville, '26)
Benjamin B. Frederick, Jr.
(Mildred *Phillips* Frederick, '26)
Jane Allen Sharpe
(Jane *Slaughter* Sharpe, '26)
Christine Dickson Hinson
(Christine *Adams* Hinson, '27)
Mary Jean Turner
(Mary *Cooke* Turner, '27)
Jackson Hutchinson Moore
(Lalla *Hutchinson* Moore, '27)


ADS

The North Avenue Presbyterian School

331-341-351 PONCE DE LEON, N. E.

Kindergarten and Elementary School
for Boys and Girls

Senior and Junior High for Girls

Boarding Department for Girls

N. A. P. S. congratulates the Student Body on the year of 1930-'31—
the happy record of which is found in the pages of this
Napsonian, '31.

"So here's to memories
Of days that used to be
At Naps the School
We love so dear!"

The Girls of North Avenue

Accept Gratefully this Page

Given by the

Parent-Teacher Association

of the

North Avenue Presbyterian School

COMPLIMENTS

—OF—

NEHI BOTTLING CO.

IN LOVING MEMORY

—OF—

$7.50

COMPLIMENTS

—OF—

SOPHOMORE CLASS

A certain schoolma'am is in the habit of giving her pupils a certain word and asking them to form a sentence in which the word occurs. The other day she gave the class the word "notwithstanding."

There was a pause, and then a bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, what is your sentence, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Father wore his trousers out, but notwithstanding."—Ex.

There is no substitute for style . . . .

So to—LEON'S—for

DRESSES COATS SUITS

LEON FROHSIN

225 PEACHTREE

L. CHAJAGE

Dixie's Leading Furrier

EXPERT RESTYLING

COLD STORAGE

Atlanta :: Georgia

A tramp called at a wayside cottage and asked for a little food to help him on his way.

"But you're a big, strong, healthy-looking man," said the cottager. "Why don't you do some work?"

"Well, madam," said the tramp, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I'll tell you my trouble. I'm what they call an unhappy medium."

"Unhappy medium!" echoed the other. "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work," was the reply.

COMPLIMENTS

—OF—

SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM

COMPLIMENTS OF

Hartrampf Company

Hartrampf's Vocabularies

COMPLIMENTS OF

Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Fleming

Atlanta Envelope Company

MANUFACTURERS :: PRINTERS

505-511 STEWART AVENUE

MAIN 3370 MAIN 3371

PHOTOGRAPHERS

TO THE 1931 NAPSONIAN

Elliotts' Peachtree Studio

"Better Photographs"

JERSEY ICE CREAM CO., INC.

784 N. Highland Ave., N. E.

Special Attention Given to Party Orders

PHONE: HEMLOCK 0379

WE SERVE— Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner in Our Tea Room.

SHOP AT— Hart's Tea and Cake Shop for Your Bakery Goods

HART'S TEA & CAKE SHOP

Open Sundays

1033 Peachtree Street, N. E.

Hemlock 6597 Atlanta, Ga.

MR. and MRS. P. L. BROOM

BEAUTY PARLOR

721 Grand Theater Bldg.

We Specialize in Artistic Hair Bobbing.

Eugene Permanent Waves—$5.00

Finger Wave with each 50c Haircut

Business Phone: Wa. 7464
Residence Phone: Ja. 7619-W

Haircuts ..... $ .50
Shampoos ..... .50
Fingerwaves ..... .50
ALL THREE FOR..... $1.00

IF THEY SAID IT NOW.

Samson—I'm strong for you, kid.

Jonah—You can't keep a good man down.

David—The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Helen of Troy—So this is Paris?

Columbus—I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

Nero—Keep the home fires burning.

Solomon—I love the ladies.

Noah—It floats.

Methuselah—The first hundred years are the hardest.—*Capper's Weekly.*

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple): "Look out for the worms, sonny."

Little Boy: "When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves."

Corselettes, Brassieres, Elastic Girdles, Silk Underwear, Reducing Girdles and Accessories

EAGER & SIMPSON

Custom Corset Makers

Surgical Fittings a Specialty

Walnut 4972

24 Cain St., N. E. Atlanta, Ga.

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Filing, Mimeographing, Dictaphone, etc.

CRICHTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Plaza Way and Pryor Telephone Wa. 7342

For Summer Reading

The Book Nook of Popular Fiction

No Deposit or Membership Required

Rental per day three cents

CAROLINE'S COMMUNITY SHOPPE

1029 PEACHTREE

Gifts for Every Occasion

ROGERS

—and—

WHITE LILY FLOUR

Go Hand in Hand

ROGERS is a wonderful place to trade ....in any of their more than 400 Pure Food Stores you can always find exceptional values.

WHITE LILY FLOUR is a wonderful flour. It makes biscuits fluffy, cakes light, pastry delectable....in fact it is an exceptional flour.

FOR SALE BY ROGERS STORES

Four families were having dinner together. The minister also was invited, and he returned thanks. One little boy, who always went to church with his parents, remarked:

"Gee, Mr. Brower, you don't pray half as long when you're hungry, do you?"

COMPLIMENTS OF

DOLLIE EVINS

Compliments of

FOOT HEALTH SHOPPE, INC.

110 PEACHTREE ARCADE

FOOT HEALTH IN FAMOUS SHOES

The name "Midnight" was given a little Negro boy.

One day an acquaintance of Midnight —and about as black—hailed him: "Hello, Midnight."

Midnight, not at all pleased, answered: "Go long; how you git dat way? You is about quarter to twelve yourself."
—Ex.

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY

INVITES THE MEMBERS OF THE
GRADUATING CLASS OF

NORTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL

to investigate the merits of Oglethorpe University before choosing their Alma Mater.

There are nearly one hundred young ladies from Atlanta attending Oglethorpe in one of the following departments:

School of the Fine and Commercial Arts, School of Literature and Journalism, School of Science, School of Secretarial Preparation, School of Education, School of Business Administration, Commerce and Finance. Catalogue and booklet of views will be gladly sent you on request. Address: THORNWELL JACOBS, President Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

J. P. Stevens Engraving Company

ATLANTA

Wedding : Reception

Visiting Cards

Monogrammed Stationery

Artistic Creations with Fine Material

Samples and prices upon request

103 Peachtree Street — Established 1874

Compliments of

MYSTYLE HOSIERY SHOPS

"Four Shops for Your Convenience"

10 Peachtree St. — 116 Alabama St.

136 Peachtree St. — 57 Whitehall St.

BALLARD'S

TWO OPTICAL STORES

It is essential that your optician is competent to fill your oculist prescription correctly.

Your oculist knows you will get what he orders here.

Walter Ballard Optical Co.

TWO STORES

105 Peachtree St. Clock Sign — Medical Arts Bldg. 382 Peachtree St.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

COMPLIMENTS

ADAMS-CATES COMPANY

Realtors

TO the Students of North Avenue Presbyterian School, and their friends, I extend a very cordial invitation to visit our Junior Shop in REGENSTEIN'S PEACHTREE STORE, 209 Peachtree Street, and assure them of my careful, personal attention to their needs.

BESSIE MARGOLIN

CHILES COAL CO.

COAL :: COKE

Wholesale—Retail

MA. 1151-1152 — Atlanta, Ga.

"Chicken stealing again, Rastus?" said the judge. "Have you anything to say, any excuse this time?"

"Deed, yes, Jedge," replied Rastus, "It ain't mah fault, Jedge, it's de fault oh mah high-up ancestors."

"How so?"

"Well, Jedge, mah ancestors dun come over in de Mayflower, an' evah since Ah was born Ah has an uncontrollable desire foh Plymouth Rocks!"—Ex.

"1931 America Forward March"

With sleeves rolled up — eyes front — and in solid formation

▼

Turn Business and Profit Towards Your Store
by Recognizing the Great Selling Features of

GENUINE ORIGINAL ROGERS

Silver-Plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

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ALL

GENUINE ORIGINAL ROGERS GOODS

Made by International Silver Company

bear one of the ORIGINAL ROGERS trade-marks, as follows:

1847 ROGERS BROS.
WM. ROGERS & SON **ROGERS & BRO. A-1**
ROGERS **WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.**
1865 WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.

These "ROGERS" trade-marks are all owned exclusively by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Sole Manufacturers

▼

General Sales Offices, Meriden, Conn.

BRANCH SALES DIVISIONS:

NEW YORK
9-19 Maiden Lane

CHICAGO
Merchandise Mart

ST. LOUIS
Ambassador Building

ATLANTA
Hurt Building

SAN FRANCISCO
150 Post Street

International Silver Co.

She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him."

The inspector looked at the photograph. "Why?" he asked.

BUCKHEAD THEATER

Luxurious : Cool

THE BEST
PICTURES

ATLANTA
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC

SUMMER SESSIONS

Prints . . . Checks . . .
Plaids . . . Stripes . . .

Are Colorful and Bright for Spring and Summer

Jacket Frocks

Showing charming color contrast.

Redingotes

Coats over dresses. Either may be used separately.

Sunday Night Frocks

Of bi-colored chiffons. Many lace trimmed.

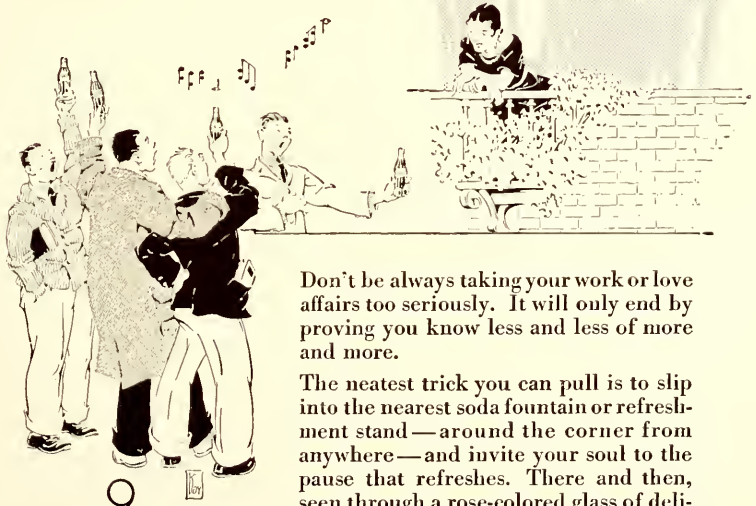
ALWAYS MODERATELY PRICED AT LEWIS'!

H. G. Lewis & Co.

102 WHITEHALL, S. W.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

And dull care withers on the vine



9
MILLION
a day

Don't be always taking your work or love affairs too seriously. It will only end by proving you know less and less of more and more.

The neatest trick you can pull is to slip into the nearest soda fountain or refreshment stand—around the corner from anywhere—and invite your soul to the pause that refreshes. There and then, seen through a rose-colored glass of delicious, ice-cold Coca-Cola, all things fall into true perspective and you become a man amongst men once more.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CW-4

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

The sexton had been laying the new carpet on the pulpit platform, and had left a number of tacks scattered on the floor. "See here, James," said the parson, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."—Watchword.

HERFF - JONES COMPANY

School Jewelers and Stationers

304 Mortgage Guar. Bldg.

ATLANTA

Furnished — *N. A. P. S.* — 1931

SENIOR RINGS PINS

CECILIAN PINS

COMPLIMENTS

—OF—

A DADDY

Jewelers

Silversmiths

Social Stationery

MAIER & BERKELE-GORHAM, INC.

111 Peachtree St. ATLANTA

BENNETT'S PHARMACY

(If delay makes you nervous try our prompt service)

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

455 Ponce de Leon Ave., N. E.

Walnut 5819-5820 Atlanta, Georgia

MR. RICH—says!

NOW! Short hair

FINGER WAVES

DRIED—50c

ARTISTIC	RICHELIEU
At 5 Points	At 10th St.
10½ Edgewood Ave.	1079 Peachtree St.
WAL. 4556	HEM. 9040

33 OPERATORS

MAIN 7020 11 years experience Marinello System

MRS. M. L. FOURNACE

Specialist

PERMANENT WAVING

MARCELLING AND FINGERWAVING

923 Candler Bldg. Atlanta, Ga.

"What is the matter?" asked the mother of a six-year-old girl as she came home almost in tears after her first day in school.

"I don't like the teacher," she said.

"Why, you hardly know her. What has she done to you?"

"When I went in she said, 'You sit here for the present,' and she never brought it."—Ex.

MUSE'S

fourth and fifth floors—

"The Southern Route to Paris"

Fashion Absolute in
Ready-to-Wear, Footwear
Millinery, Hosiery, Lingerie

GEORGE MUSE
CLOTHING CO.

"Are you really content to spend your life walking the country begging?" asked the old lady severely.

"No, lady, I ain't," answered the hobo. "Many's the time I wished I had a car."—Pathfinder.

Compliments of

THE THIRD GRADE GIRLS

Betty Booker	Doris Jane McGinty
Betty Dickson	Lois Partridge
Dorothy Estes	Bobby Wilby
Betty Hurt	Charlotte Woolford
Elizabeth Keating	Lucy Green

COMPLIMENTS

—OF—

BOOKHAMMER'S HAIRDRESSING PARLORS

78½ WHITEHALL

PONCE DE LEON APARTMENTS

Call Our Store With Confidence

ONLY REGISTERED DRUGGISTS WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE COMPOUND YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS HERE.

Selman's Pharmacy

1143 Ponce de Leon Ave., N. E.

ATLANTA, GA.

PHONE : HEMLOCK 7575

TAYLOR'S PHARMACY

"A PRESRIPTION STORE"

Highland Ave. at Greenwood

ATLANTA : GEORGIA

SINCE 1879

To JACOBS

FOR DRUGS

Prescriptions Filled by

Licensed Pharmacists

Mangel's

INC.

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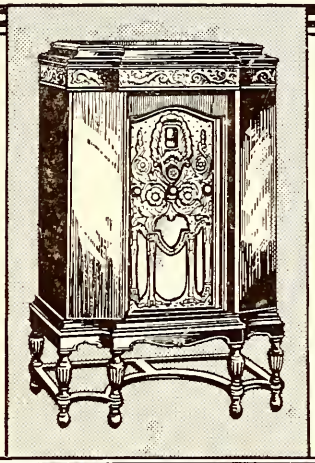

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The staff is sincerely grateful to Miss Morgan of Southwestern, Mr. Sanders and Mr. Webb of Foote and Davies, and Miss Askew for the ideas they have given us and the many kindnesses they have shown us, and Mrs. Priest for her willingness to exercise her typewriter on our behalf. May the good fairies whose stories we have told in this book give attentive ears unto their wishes!

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